Sports Illustrated
JULY 12, 1976 ONE DOLLAR

THREAT TO WIN 30

San Diego's
Confounding Randy Jones

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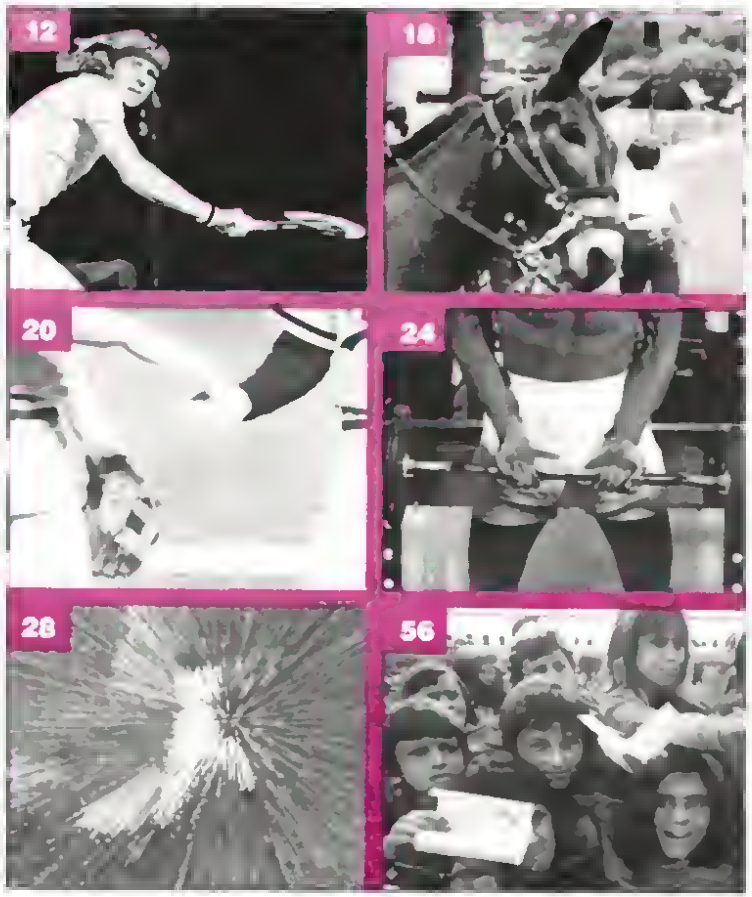

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

JONES IS GLOWING, DESKBOUND MULVOY GLOWERING

A challenging task for any writer is unraveling the cocoon of mythology that surrounds his sport, and this week in a profile of the Pittsburgh Steelers' Jack Lambert (*page 24*), Senior Writer Bob Jones shows that middle linebackers are not necessarily mean and masochistic. Jones and our new pro football editor, Mark Mulvoy, have considerable experience in debunking legends and detaching themselves from the gods of sport.

Mulvoy, who until three months ago was one of SI's most prolific writers, is well versed in today's pro game, having been on the beat last season. For Jones, who joins Dan Jenkins in covering the sport, his fall assignment will be only semi-tough.

Jones wrote pro football for SI in 1969-70, but then begged off, believing the game was becoming a bore. "Five years ago pro football had virtually no action," he says. "It had become turgid and an excruciatingly joyless experience to cover." Rule changes—specifically those that opened up the passing game and brought about more long punt returns—have gotten pro football out of a rut, Jones says, and so he asked to return to the action.

For seven years Jones has been our motor sports man, trailing the racers from Monaco to Indy, from Sebring to Watkins Glen. Before that, for three years, he wrote about the war in Vietnam for TIME. He has seen his share of dying and that is another reason bringing him to football once more.

"I wanted to get into a gentler sport than motor racing," Jones says, "and even though pro football may bang people up, it doesn't kill them. So many of my friends in racing have died. It had gotten so bad I was afraid to befriend the younger drivers; that's when I knew I had to get out."

SI readers are most familiar with Mulvoy's comprehensive hockey articles. During his nine years as a staff writer he logged some 1.5 million air miles, and he complains that he is suffering another sort of jet lag now that he is a deskbound editor. To help ease the adjustment, Mulvoy has begun running several miles each morning and has already dropped 30 pounds.

"The running helps," he says, "but the big difference is in the way I eat. When I was on the road, I found myself taking people to lunch, taking people to dinner, taking people for postgame bacon cheeseburgers."

There have been other changes. "I've gone from playing golf a minimum of five days a week to a maximum of one," Mulvoy says peevishly. As the ultimate indignity, he has had to give up—though not without a struggle—wearing golf clothes to work. "Until I changed jobs I owned one suit, which I bought eight years ago for my marriage. Now I own a closetful. What do you think of this outfit?"

You're looking good, Mr. Mulvoy. Looking good.

Jack Mayer

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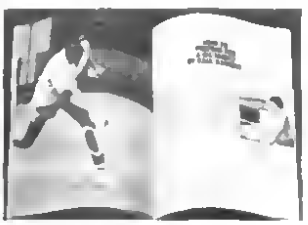

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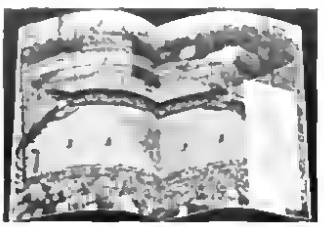

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

A MATTER OF POLITICS

The political pot boiled over last week:

• After Mexico again refused to play South Africa in Davis Cup competition, the U.S. quit the organization because it would not adopt a U.S.-supported resolution to impose sanctions on countries that refuse for political reasons to play a match.

• The Organization of African Unity said its member states would boycott the Montreal Olympics if New Zealand is not banned for letting its national rugby team play in South Africa.

• There were reports that the International Olympic Committee had warned Canada it might cancel the Opening Ceremonies, refuse to give out medals and deny Montreal permission to use the word "Olympic" in connection with its Games because the Canadians said they would not let athletes from Taiwan compete as "The Republic of China."

Politics in sport. Deplorable. As Joseph E. Carrico of the U.S. Tennis Association said last week, "We find it intolerable to mix politics with tennis."

Or, presumably, with any other sport.

But the problem is, if we are against politics in sport, can the U.S. withdrawal from the Davis Cup be applauded? Even though it was a protest against political gestures by Mexico, it is in itself a political move. If we approve it, we are approving America's political stance in this sporting controversy, not disapproving the intrusion of politics into sport.

But maybe that's a good idea. Maybe it's time to recognize that politics and sport are inextricably entwined. Maybe we should have recognized this earlier. The African states were angry at New Zealand months ago because of the visit of a South African softball team to that country. They threatened to boycott the Olympics if a scheduled tour of South Africa by New Zealand's national rugby team took place and New Zealand was not subsequently barred from the Olympic Games. John Buckingham, president of the New Zealand Federation of Sport, came to the U.S. this May seeking support from U.S. athletic authorities against the threatened African action. And he got it—from such people as Donald Miller and Julian Roosevelt of the U.S. Olympic Committee and Casey Conrad of the President's Committee on Physical Fitness.

If Miller, Roosevelt and Conrad had political savvy, they might have told Buckingham, "For God's sake, cool it. Slow things down. Back off a little." Instead, while the black African countries were seething with fury over the riots that had taken place around Johannesburg, the New Zealand rugby team blithely popped over to South Africa as though nothing had happened. It's one thing to keep politics out of sport, it's another to be that insensitive about it.

Canada bowed to political pressure from Red China to keep the Taiwanese from competing under the name "The Republic of China." It's easy to criticize the Canadians for this blatantly political move, but Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau is a politician. It is more important for Canada to maintain good relations with the government on the Chinese mainland and its 800 million people than with Taiwan and its 16 million.

The IOC reaction to Canada's move is also politics. The IOC is not saying, sport at any price. It is saying, sport on our terms or we don't play. That stand may be more admirable than Canada's, but it's still politics. And, in any case, the Canadians say the Taiwanese are welcome to compete. It's their politics the Canadians don't want.

SOLUTION

Apropos the above, a suggestion has been made that the IOC might consider adopting. Since in theory the Olympic Games are for competition between individuals, not nations, why not create a new category, a sort of "Unattached" group? An athlete from South Africa or Taiwan or New Zealand or even, if you can imagine it, Red China, which is not in the Olympic movement, could come to the Games—assuming he achieved qualifying standards—and compete as an individual. This would get politics out of sport, and athletes into it.

NEW LOOK

Assuming Commissioner Larry O'Brien and the NBA board of governors approve, this is the way the four divisions in the country's only major professional basketball league will line up when play begins next fall:

It's kind of surprising how the addition of only four new teams makes the structure seem so much more solid.

EASTERN CONFERENCE

ATLANTIC	CENTRAL
Boston Celtics	Atlanta Hawks
Buffalo Braves	Cleveland Cavaliers
N.Y. Knicks	Houston Rockets
N.Y. Nets	New Orleans Jazz
Phila. 76ers	San Antonio Spurs
	Washington Bullets

WESTERN CONFERENCE

MIDWEST	PACIFIC
Chicago Bulls	Golden State Warriors
Denver Nuggets	Los Angeles Lakers
Detroit Pistons	Phoenix Suns
Indiana Pacers	Portland Trail Blazers
K.C. Kings	Seattle SuperSonics
Milwaukee Bucks	

10-S PLATES

The American love for personalized license plates has now shown up in tennis circles. Mrs. Lloyd Salders of Johnson County, Kans. paid the required $25 surcharge and got a plate that reads 10SBUF. Dr. Lawrence Green of Arkansas City, Kans. has one along the same general lines that reads 10SNET.

WINTER OF DISCONTENT

Last week we mentioned the trouble the Detroit Tigers had with Bat Day, when because of difficulties in ordering new bats a substantial number of the models given away were those of players long since gone from the Tiger roster. But that was a minor problem compared to the travail of the New England Whalers of the World Hockey Association, who held a Jacket Night last Jan. 28. The Whalers drew a capacity crowd to the 10,507-seat Civic Center in Hartford, Conn., but they were able to obtain only about 4,000

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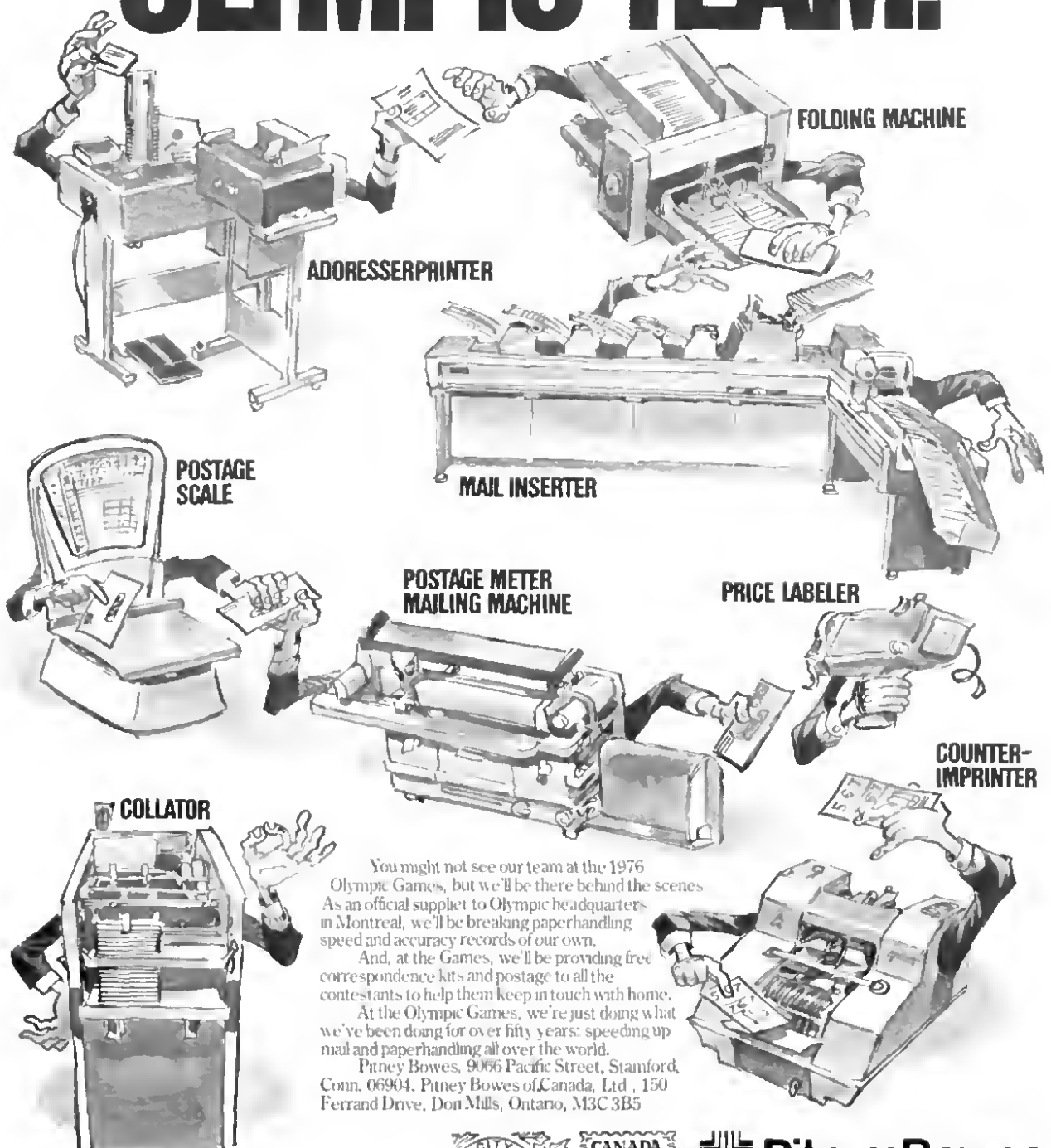

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green Whaler jackets to give away on the big night. The unlucky folks in the crowd were given rain checks for jackets to come later in the season. But delay followed delay, and the extra jackets did not reach Hartford until June 25, well after even the overlong professional ice hockey schedule had ended. The jackets that did arrive bore the symbols of the Oakland A's and the Milwaukee Brewers. Wrong cities, wrong teams, wrong sport. Wait 'til next year, Whaler fans. The club has re-reordered.

MAN, THE MASTER

Hans Matthofer, the West German Minister for Research and Technology, played two games of chess and part of a third with a computer and scored a signal triumph for untransistorized man. Matthofer, an experienced chess player, checkmated the computer in the first game in 26 moves after only half an hour of play and again in the second game in 39 moves after 40 minutes. In the third

game the computer resigned because of a technical failure at the beginning of play.

"You have only to attack sharply and the computer gets scared," said Matthofer. "I noticed that right away."

PUTTING COACH

There is a small, not terribly vigorous, movement in college golf to turn that game into a total team sport. Some coaches feel that while golf is basically an individual effort, in NCAA play the team title is more important than individual victory, and that because of this teammates and coaches should become more closely involved with each individual's play. Under NCAA rules, which follow The Rules of Golf, a player is not allowed to accept advice during a round from a coach or a teammate. Karl Tucker, golf coach at Brigham Young University, says the NCAA could waive that provision. He says college golf is team competition like other intercollegiate sports and coaches and teammates should be allowed to help.

Other coaches, on the borderline between traditional-golf and team-sport concepts, suggest that it would be O.K. for a *teammate* to give advice, arguing that under golf rules playing partners in match play can consult with one another. These coaches say that players on the same team in NCAA medal competition ought to be given the same option.

At the same time, this school of thought is distinctly reluctant to let coaches get involved in the advice-giving, fearing that overeager mentors would be trotting back and forth around the course counseling five or six players on every shot, slowing play and turning the affair into a circus. Their concern seems well grounded. Can't you just see a coach frantically making a "T" sign with his hands as he races across a green to give one of his charges advice on a crucial putt?

THE LAW AND CHARLIE

How binding are Charlie Finley's sales of Vida Blue, Joe Rudi and Rollie Fingers to the Yankees and Red Sox? If Finley wins his $10-million suit against Commissioner Bowie Kuhn (the case begins on Aug. 2), will it mean that the Yankees must take Blue and pay Finley $1.5 million for him and that the Red Sox must buy Rudi and Fingers for $1 million each? Or can the Yanks, assuming they maintain their huge lead, decide they no longer need Blue; and can the Red Sox, perhaps hopelessly out of the pennant race by then, decide there is no sense spending all that money on a lost cause?

Well, the Yankees feel they own Blue, pending settlement of the court case, and so does Finley. Terms of the agreement between Gabe Paul of the Yankees and Finley were written out on June 15 at a meeting in Finley's office in Chicago. "I signed," Finley says, "and he signed." Barring some extraordinary occurrence, such as an injury to Blue, the Yankees assume he would become their property as soon as the court finds for Finley, if it does.

The Red Sox situation is different. The agreement in that case was a verbal one, reached during a phone conversation between Finley, in his Chicago office, and Red Sox executive Dick O'Connell, who happened to be in DiMaggio's Restaurant on Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco. American League headquarters and the commissioner's office were duly informed of the agreement by teletype, which is standard baseball procedure, but, as in the sale of Blue to New York, the formal exchange of money, contracts, etc. had not taken place by the time Kuhn dropped his bomb.

Contrary to the Yankee position, the Red Sox feel there is no deal, that they have no claim on Fingers and Rudi, nor does Finley have a claim on the $2 million the Red Sox were willing to pay him in June. No matter what the court decides, says Boston, the deal is off, for the moment. If the court finds for Finley, O'Connell and Finley would have to sit down and come to an agreement all over again.

Makes the cheese more binding, doesn't it? One wonders why, when Kuhn voided the deals, Finley did not seek an injunction to stop the commissioner from interfering with what on the surface was normal baseball procedure. The court case should test the legality of Kuhn's decision, but an injunction, if granted, would have permitted Rudi and Fingers and Blue to go to Boston and New York—to be returned to Oakland later if the court found for Kuhn.

Asked why he did not seek such an immediate injunction, Finley said, "It's none of your goddamned business."

THEY SAID IT

- Vida Blue, Oakland A's pitcher embroiled in the Finley-Kuhn fiasco: "Maybe if Oakland and the Yankees meet in the playoffs, I'll just stay on the mound and pitch for both teams."
- Rocky Bridges, manager of the Phoenix Giants in the Pacific Coast League, after finishing second in a pregame cow-milking contest: "I didn't try too hard. I was afraid I'd get emotionally involved with the cow."
- Ken Singleton, Baltimore Oriole outfielder, watching 39-year-old Brooks Robinson play in a 1966 uniform at an Orioles' oldtimers' game: "My bubblegum card just came alive." **END**

First Skyhawk on the block.

Neighborhood traditionalists will be aghast. Imagine something that small and rakish running around with a Buick nameplate.

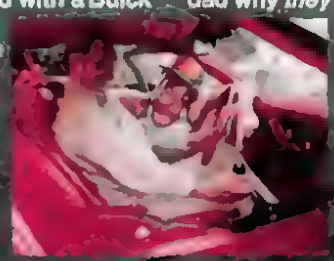
Youngsters up and down the street will be agog. (Little kids always seem to respond to shiny things with wheels.)

Friends won't waste much time bugging you for a chance to drive it. You know, to see if what they say about the Buick V-6 engine is true.

You know you'll have to give your folks a guided tour of it. And that you'll have to field some questions about money and what you get for the money and all that.

But you're prepared. After all, it's not like you went out and bought the most expensive, least practical car around.

In fact, because you bought your Skyhawk now, you ended up with a real value. Thanks to a special Buick offer that lets you get a 5-speed manual transmission or a 3-speed automatic transmission on your Skyhawk at no extra charge. (That offer, by the way, is good only as long as the supply lasts.)



Anyway, you can be pretty sure your mom will ask your dad why *they* can't open the rear window and fold down the rear seats in *their* car.

Naturally everyone will have to go out for a spin in the little rascal. With your dad at the wheel. He'll probably get a little philosophical. Remind you of his first really new car. Stuff like that.

Finally, when all the obligations and ceremonies are over, it'll be just you and your new Skyhawk.

Chances are you'll want to make one more pass through the neighborhood. Let your Skyhawk turn a few heads.

Just to remind everyone on the block where they saw it first.

BUICK *Dedicated to the Free Spirit in just about everyone.*

Sports Illustrated
JULY 12, 1976

On Friday, Chris Evert glittered, on Saturday Bjorn Borg shone, both exulting in their Wimbledon titles

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

GREAT HEAVENLY DAYS

Nothing Bjorn Borg does can be surprising anymore after his domination of a Wimbledon during which he didn't lose a set while learning to serve and volley as well as spray aerosol freeze in all the proper places.

When Borg, the precocious Swede, defeated Ilie Nastase by a shocking 6–4, 6–2, 9–7 in the green furnace of tennis' finest event, he didn't overwhelm the Rumanian with talent as much as expose his opponent's jangling nerves and prove the quality of his own firm steel when it mattered most. Just four weeks past 20, Borg is already the frosty Viking. Nastase? Still goofy after all these years.

Things started off normally enough last Saturday with the 29-year- *continued*

Toward the end Nastase tried to rattle his young opponent, but Borg wasn't bjorn yesterday.

old Nastase, hypertense in the locker room, needling Borg and railing at him, "You ready, keed? You better be ready, keed." On court Nastase moved to a neasy 3–0 lead, as he was expected to do because he, too, had not lost a set leading up to the final, because he had sliced up Borg in their last two meetings and because he appeared particularly devastating while performing some brilliant work against Charlie Pasarell and Raul Ramirez in the quarterfinals and semis.

However, during the two weeks before Wimbledon, Borg had been practicing five hours a day on the lawn of the Cumberland Club in North London. He had worked diligently on the serve-volley game, adopting instant aggression for the grass. "I volley big and tough now," was how he put it. Daily cortisone injections and courtside freeze spraying had diminished the pain of a pulled stomach muscle so that he was able to grind out impressive victories over Guillermo Vilas (in the quarterfinals) and Roscoe Tanner (semis) en route to the final match.

In the fourth game of their first set Nastase had three break points for a 4–0 lead, but Borg fought him off, finally banging in his first volley to win the game. Borg broke back in the fifth, and suddenly Nasty—a model of deportment through most of the fortnight—was screaming at the players' box.

"I was calling to God," Nastase said later. "I think I see Sophia Loren in stands." But what he actually saw was the need to beseech his brother, Constantine; his adviser, Mitch Oprea; his wife, Dominique; even his soul partner, Jimmy Connors, anybody, really, for some sort of help.

Nastase needed it. Recognizing a quicksand victim when he saw one, Borg bore in. "I know Ilie well," he said later. "I see him getting all nervous." Pounding vicious serves, hurling crosscourt slingshots and covering the net at every opportunity, the youngster kept Nastase pinned to the baseline. His depth and weight of shot gave the Rumanian no openings to pass or to use his speed and fancy footwork.

"Is dangerous to play around with this guy," Borg said. "I kept hitting hard to not let him up." After Borg hit three winners and Nastase blew an overhead, the Swede had the crucial break in the ninth game and he went on to serve out the set, 6–4.

The second set came easier. Nastase

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER AND TONY DUFFY

pushed an easy forehand long to lose serve in the third game. He double-faulted and choked on a backhand overhead to lose serve in the seventh. It was about here that he plainly gave up. In a stretch of five games Nastase shuffled around. He clutched his side, mimicking Borg's stomach problem. He stared at the ground, hangdog. He won just five points. Connors, who had sent a note of encouragement to his friend at courtside, appeared in the locker room. "This is unbelievable. I never saw a guy tank the Wimbledon final before," he said.

That was what seemed to be happening until Nastase finally came alive with a spectacular volley off one of Borg's bullet returns late in the third set. Now Nasty was glaring across the tape and slapping his thigh—surely signs of effort—while exhibiting some vintage artistry to save a match point, to break back and even to gain leads at 6–5 and 7–6.

But it was too late. The volatile Rumanian is used to threatening walkouts at a Hampton or an Indianapolis before returning to win, but he didn't dare to try such nonsense at the hallowed All England Club. And he wasn't about to come back against the steely will of an opponent who had dreamed of this moment since he was just a child, which, it seems, was only a couple of hours ago.

Borg kept unleashing vicious first serves, saved the set twice, then broke for 8–7 with a pass off the backhand and a Nastase volley error. After the Swede served out the match at love and hurled his racket on high, Nastase hopped the net to embrace one of the few rivals he genuinely likes. "I don't know what to say," mumbled the dazed new champion. "I think I am the happiest in all time."

Any tournament lucky enough to find a Borg and a Nastase cavorting about the premises generates its own heat. But in terms of temperatures rising, this was the hottest Wimbledon of all. In the suffocating first week, mad dogs and Englishmen kept going out in the midday sun to find thermometers hovering around 95°. The second week was hardly more comfortable. Umpires and linesmen were permitted the astounding indulgence of doffing their coats and ties, but there was no respite for ticket-holders who kept lining up in interminable queues and passing out from heat exhaustion. On one day 500 people were reported to have fainted around the grounds.

The seeded players began succumbing along with the spectators, notably John Newcombe. Having struggled through a five-set losing doubles with Tony Roche against the eventual champions, Brian Gottfried and Raul Ramirez, and having survived 42 aces from John Feaver in another five-setter, the old lion did not have enough left for Bernie Mitton, a heavily bearded South African. Mitton played two fine tie-breaks to knock Newk out of perhaps his last Wimbledon.

Adriano Panatta, recently red hot as champion of Italy and France as well as of all the signorinas in sight, retired on the same day as Newcombe. Panatta had barely reached the third round by turning aside a hilariously rotund Australian named Dale Collings, who wore a white baseball cap and wiggled like a beached eel when he served. When Panatta stopped laughing he won, but the dashing Roman was not so amused by Charlie Pasarell.

At 3-all in the fifth set, Panatta halted play to pick up a bird—an injured sparrow, not a squealing schoolgirl—which he carefully deposited in the cupped hands of a spectator. His own wings were clipped when Pasarell broke serve in the ninth game. Panatta pulled one of his escape acts in the 10th, saving six match points, but Pasarell prevailed 8–9, 4–6, 6–4, 7–5, 6–4.

"Watch this guy," defending champion Arthur Ashe said of his close friend. "Pasarell can win if they put him on Centre Court because he raises his game 50% there. When they put Charlie on the outside he's just Charlie."

Unfortunately this was just after Ashe himself had surrendered his title on an outside court, losing to Vitas Gerulaitis. Ashe had been laboring with a wandering service toss all week—CHAMP NEARLY A CHUMP blared one newspaper headline—when he met the curly-haired Gerulaitis, who is weary of being identified as a foot disease.

For such a talented player, Gerulaitis rarely buckles down to take advantage of his athletic ability and some of the finest service returns in the game, but anybody who does amazing things like wearing velvets in his home borough of Queens, N.Y. and driving a white Rolls-Royce in his team tennis home of Pittsburgh can certainly get away with upsetting Arthur Ashe at Wimbledon. *continued*

Goolagong was favored, but she couldn't put out the fires that burn inside the ice Maiden.

Which is what happened after Ashe won the first two sets only to succumb, by his own reckoning, first to the heat, then to the tension and finally to his opponent's exceptional receiving ability.

Ashe said he was "dead" in the third set. He said he "coasted" in the fourth when he fell too far behind. But in the 10th game of the fifth Gerulaitis rudely snatched the contest from him with four clean machine-gun returns.

"I guessed right four times," Vitas said after his 4–6, 8–9, 6–4, 6–3, 6–4 upset. "This match will last a whole year for me." Or at least for two days, until he was defeated by Ramirez.

Ashe, subdued but dignified as always, said, "The thing won't sink in until tomorrow, but I can tell you it hasn't been relaxing going around being called 'the champion.'"

A man whom they weren't calling champion—one of the few things they weren't calling him—and still won't, was Connors. This was supposed to be Jimbo's year. Connors had a new serious image in that he was only making obscene gestures a few times an hour. He had a new sleek girl friend in Margi Wallace, late of Jimmy Brown, Peter Revson and George Best. He had a new adviser, a black doctor named Earl Wood. Connors' mother, Gloria, even had a new hair color, Rhonda Fleming maroon.

This terrific crew came rolling into Wimbledon like some Bel Air mafia set to plunder the place and recover what was so rudely taken from their leader last year. Few doubted that the resourceful Connors would do just that. "Ashe and Nastase talk about being 'scared' of Wimbledon," said Jimbo. "I don't understand. I wasn't scared the first time and I'm not scared now. It's like the Olympics. I've won and lost here. I know the difference."

The difference in the quarterfinals was the man with the express-train deliveries, Tanner. Since Jimbo crushed the Tennessean at Wimbledon last year, they have met five times, with Tanner letting Connors off the hook twice but beating him a month ago at Beckenham. Tanner-Connors is all left-handed bazookas and mutual respect. This time, after a slow start, Roscoe kept pulling aces out of his sleeve and throwing 19 of them Connors' way. On defense he mixed slices, chips and other junk. "sloppy stuff," Tanner called it—just as Ashe had done last year in defeating Connors.

Slowly the match became a ritual slaughter as Tanner served "harder than I ever have" while Connors became tentative and his own first serve collapsed. Only Jimbo's fortitude and competitiveness stayed with him as he lost the first two sets 6–4, 6–2 and fell behind 2–5, 0–40 in the third. He saved three match points on sheer will that carried him for eight games until a Tanner backhand return screeched down the line to give him an 8–6 victory.

"Why? Why this two years in a row?" said a dejected Chris Evert as she filed out of Centre Court behind dark glasses. "Jimmy's the best in the world. Why does he go around the bend here?"

Evert herself was not about to do the same thing. All eyes were on her as top seed, as leader of the women players' demands for parity in prize money and as Connors' ex. Still she managed to practice hard and keep her mind on a title she wanted more than anything in her illustrious career.

The "Jimmy thing," as Evert called it, would not go away. Every time the two got anywhere near one another, photographers panted, but Connors and Evert merely exchanged greetings and went separate ways—once while a stone-faced Margi looked on from a terrace. One day Gloria Connors came by in the players' tea room and, in an awkward moment, said, "Chris, I think you've really matured." Evert scrunched up her nose and blushed. "Well, what's she supposed to do?" said a friend. "Tell Gloria 'Thank you, you look quite a bit older yourself'?"

All along, a meeting between Evert and Evonne Goolagong in the *final* was as certain as curtsies in the royal box. Oh, there was the obligatory homage to 36-year-old Maria Bueno, the São Paulo Swallow who had an arm operation for each year she had been away from Wimbledon (eight), and there was the usual provincialism in support of the home lasses, Sue Barker and Virginia Wade. But young Barker was conned out of a match by the bouncy Czech, Martina Navratilova (later dispatched by Evert) and Wade resumed her annual Ginny fizzle, this time by winning only three games against Goolagong.

What with having never beaten Goolagong on grass and having lost their last two meetings, Evert was hardly favored to win her second Wimbledon. But outsiders do not know the fires that burn

Tanner's big serve and "sloppy stuff" knocked off the bettors' big choice, Jimmy Connors

inside the Fort Lauderdale princess. Evert agonized for weeks over her loss to Goolagong in the Virginia Slims championships. "I'm not going to play the same way," she vowed. "I'm coming in. I'm pressing Evonne. I'm volleying. I'm going to win."

It is not easy to dismiss the fact that at Forest Hills and Wimbledon Goolagong had lost five of six finals. "Remember, she doesn't play well when she gets this far," Rosemary Casals cautioned Evert the morning of the match.

Indeed, neither woman set off sparks as they split sets. But the two always put on a fascinating study of method vs. mood and, once more, it simply came down to Evert outgutting Goolagong in the crunch.

On several key points Chris startled Evonne by rushing the net. Though she didn't always get to hit a volley, her jaunts were enough to throw Evonne off and confuse her. "I never felt I had any room to pass," Goolagong said.

The crisis for Evert arrived in the 12th game of the final set after she had served for the match in the 10th and been broken at love and after Goolagong had rattled off some winners to lead 6–5. Serving to save the match, Evert easily could have crumbled, but on the first point she crushed a backhand that Goolagong could not handle at net. "Right then I got confident again," Evert said.

The American held her serve to even the set. In the next game she came to deuce with an overhead ("Billie Jean counted me 22 times at net and 22 points won," Evert said proudly.) Then she broke through on two Goolagong errors to lead 7–6. Finally, in the 14th game at 30-all, Evert rifled a rare service winner, then scooped a lob toward the baseline to win the match 6–3, 4–6, 8–6.

Weeping and trembling in her mother's arms, the Ice Maiden broke down. "Nobody will ever know how badly I wanted this," she said.

Bjorn Borg probably knows. Between them, last week's winners have won seven French and Italian championships. While Chris has three Slims titles, a couple of Wightman Cup team victories, two Wimbledons and her U.S. Open championship, Bjorn has won the Davis Cup, the WCT championship and now Wimbledon, too, all in the last seven months. She is 21. He is 20. A pair of clay-courters who ultimately came in from the dust to do it all on grass. **END**

B.J. IS A HIT EVEN WHEN SHE MS.'S

It was in a brief and sparkling moment during one of those lazy twilights at the All England Club that the full significance of Billie Jean King at Wimbledon came sharply into focus. The singles finished, the ice lollies gone, all the emotional fires of another excruciating day in the heat having died, King and her mixed doubles partner, Sandy Mayer, concluded a spectacular rally with the South African pair, Bob Hewitt and Greer Stevens, on a close line call, the point being awarded to the Americans.

As Billie Jean went back to serve, the umpire called, "Advantage, Mrs. King," and the crowd let out a loud groan of disappointment. Billie Jean stopped in her tracks. She flipped the ball one way. She flipped the racket another. Then she fell over backward and lay supine for a while as the laughter and applause poured down from the stands. At 8 p.m. 14,000 people—a full house in Centre Court—were rooting against, clapping for and yukking it up with Billie Jean.

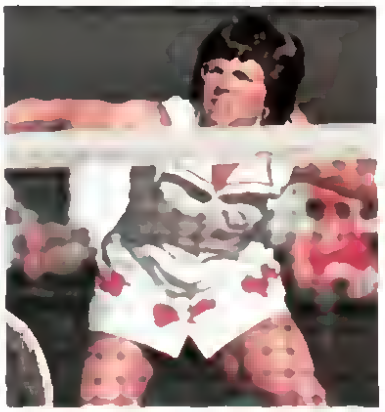
Later, after losing the match in three sets, and with it an opportunity to break the record of 19 titles at Wimbledon that she holds jointly with Elizabeth Ryan of the U.S. (1914-34), King came storming into the locker room wailing, "They hate me, they hate me." But, as she well knew, the reactions of the multitude were merely a continuation of the curious love-hate relationship they have carried on with Billie Jean since she tiptoed over the cushiony lawns of Wimbledon as Little Miss Moffitt back in 1961. To a people who thrive on indifference, Billie Jean always has dared to be different. She could wear all those awful rhinestone glasses, befriend all the monster rock singers and establish all the radical team leagues with the funny-colored courts she wants, the British will never know what to make of her.

King had one more chance at the record when she and Betty Stove met Chris Evert and Martina Navratilova in the final of the women's doubles. But Evert, already the singles champion, was on a hot streak and she and Martina won 6–1, 3–6, 7–5.

This particular fortnight was a strange experience for Billie Jean. Having retired from singles play after her Wimbledon victory in 1975, she came to England to have fun, lose five pounds and get in shape for the second half of World Team Tennis. She was more relaxed, less tense and, in the words of Evert, "super mellow."

"All the girls still put her on a pedestal," said Chris, "but there is a lot less pressure in the locker room with Billie Jean out of the singles. Before, she was so intense. She'd get this look—really mean. Now she's a whole lot friendlier."

"Wrong," said King. "They're friendlier.



They used to be scared of me. I was obsessed. I'm not there anymore." King even stayed out of the hassle over the women's demand for equal pay and their threat to boycott Wimbledon next year, being content to offer moral support and advice to Evert, her successor as president of the WTA.

Off the court King was enjoying London, a city she dearly loves—as never before. She observed the ballet classes in Baron's Court. She spent time at the five-story "flat" of Elton John's manager, John Reid. She luxuriated in three-hour restaurant dinners with her tour friend Julie Anthony. "It's so nice to have *time*," she said. "Time to spend with friends, to hoot and holler and eat my mushrooms and count my calories and not worry 'Oh God, I've got to go home to sleep.'"

Nevertheless, King arrived at the All England Club early every day to practice with Evert and Virginia Wade, whom she also coached from an upstairs window during Wade's tough fourth-round victory over 17-year-old Marisa Kruger of South Africa.

Getting as far as she did in the women's doubles was no easy task for Billie Jean if only because it is much more difficult to compete and do well in that event when a player is out of the singles.

"I miss hitting so many balls," Billie Jean said. "I forget what it feels like when I'm not out there on stage every day. I forget the pressure, the cries, the crowds, the action, the whole trip. I'm afraid I might get the royal elbow."

Instead, King wore her new dress with the strawberries at the hem and packed in the crowds every time she stepped on the grass.

"Did you realize Centre Court was completely filled the night you lost the mixed?" a man asked Billie Jean.

"No, not really," she said. "But I guess I've never seen it any other way."

And, of course, Billie Jean King never will.

—CURRY KIRKPATRICK

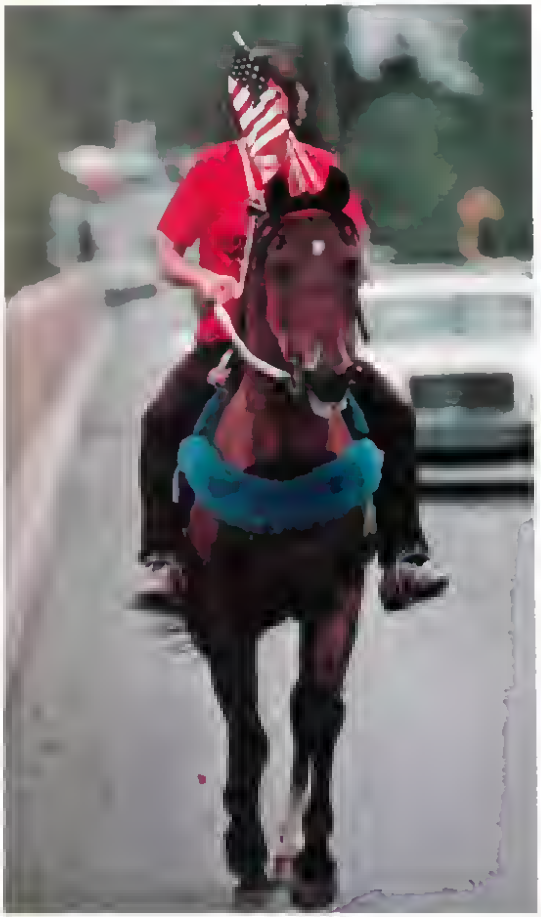
In fifth place is 18-year-old Valoria Briggs.

MIFFED AND ALSO MULISH

Heading to California, the riders are sore, and not just from their saddles

It is time to forget about tall ships and wagon trains. They have had their day, accomplished their Bicentennial missions, and have managed to eclipse almost completely another event, The Great American Horse Race, which last weekend clip-clopped into Hannibal, Mo., the hometown of Mark Twain. All but seven of the 91 competitors who took off virtually unnoticed from Frankfort, N.Y. on Memorial Day are riding hard for Sacramento, Calif., now 2,000 miles away, though the promoters are so low on money that the contestants have had to pool their resources to keep going. Happily, the $50,000 purse is assured, under lock and key in a Chicago bank.

The horses are as diverse as the riders—Frenchmen, Germans, Swiss, an Australian and a bona fide Austrian count are among the competitors. Their mounts, in every type of harness, are multihued: Arabians, Appaloosas, Morgans, Irish Connemaras, a Tennessee Walking Horse—and five mules. The Teutonic group rides Icelandic ponies, small (54″) but tough steeds, boasting five gaits and Beatlelike flowing manes. A Canadian named Sonny Ferris entered a Russian Orloff—a part-Arabian, part-Polish draft horse standing a regal 17 hands—and hired as its rider Cathryn Vallet, who had come to America from France in search of a mount. The Orloff, Ferris announced, was bred to win (he seemed to insinuate that an extra bone in the horse's body was the secret of success), but by the end of the first month the Russian



Carrying the flag, but hardly the promoters' banner, riders are in a revolutionary mood

Breeding may tell over the long haul, but at present Virl Norton's mule is in the lead.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DRAKE

horse was running—or walking—sixth. At veterinarian checks the big stallion did a nervous tap dance, waiting his turn among mares and geldings.

As the race moved through western New York, Juel Ashley, who owns a spread in Ada, Okla., took a three-hour lead with his Arabian, Hammond's Pride, but near Kankakee, Ill. they were overtaken by—how humiliating!—Lord Faunt LeRoy, a mule ridden by Virl Norton of San Jose, Calif. The mule remains minutes ahead as the field approaches the halfway point in the elapsed-time event.

Clearly, the riders are having fun, though they are feuding with management. At Watkins Glen last month there was an old-fashioned cowboy-style fistfight in front of a campground saloon.

One way or another they are determined to get to California. Darrell Nielsen of Escalante, Utah summed it up at the very start. "Anyone who tries to stop this race is going to have to shoot my horse out from under me." And if that's not the spirit of '76, what is?

Running last is Bill Gerhardt, but he has 2,000 miles to close the gap.

Humane societies insist that horses be checked closely and constantly

On looks, the winner would be Cathryn Vellet's mount, an Orloff stallion.

After beating Cincy for his 14th victory, Jones (35) was congratulated by Third Baseman Doug Rader and Manager John McNamara.

UNCOMMON SUCCESS FOR A COMMON MAN

Padre Randy Jones, who pitches at ordinary speeds, could do the extraordinary—win 30

by RON FIMRITE

The cheering starts the instant he steps from the shelter of the dugout, and it washes over him, wave upon wave, as he strides past each crowded section of the stadium. The people rise from their seats as he goes by, honoring him as if he were carrying the flag in a Bicentennial parade or bearing the Olympic torch. He does not look heroic. His face is plain and long-nosed, his curly hair unruly, and he walks in a shuffle reminiscent of period Henry Fonda. He acknowledges his worshipers by raising the fingers of his left—pitching—hand to the bill of his cap. When he reaches the bullpen in left field, he removes his jacket, and there is silence. Randy Jones of the San Diego Padres is about to warm up to pitch a baseball game.

John McNamara, the Padres' affable manager, sits in the dugout, smiling at the spectacle and spitting tobacco juice. "It happens every time," he says, expectorating onto the turf. "They cheer him even before he throws a ball." The 26-year-old Jones is the winningest pitcher in baseball this season, and on this warm evening last week in San Diego he would win his 14th game against only three losses. Even so, the reception seemed excessive. What is this hold that he has on the masses?

"It's the way he comes across," says McNamara. "He's a humble person, the underdog making good. People can relate to him. He's not that big in stature [6 feet, 180 pounds] and he is not overpowering on the mound. Randy's the common man's pitcher."

That's it, of course. Jones is to San Diegans a Mr. Deeds come to town, a John Doe to meet, a nice guy who outwits the slickers and wins the day. Fans are ordinarily drawn to the big strikeout pitchers, a Nolan Ryan or a Tom Seaver, whose sheer power holds them in awe. The so-called cunny-thumbers like Jones ordinarily are around only for the amusement of the purists. Jones, to borrow from Dizzy Dean's final assessment of his sore-armed self, "couldn't break a pane of glass" with his fastball. He retires batters by obliging them to hit his pitches to one of his infielders, a humdrum business at best. Nonetheless his popularity is unrivaled.

It was estimated that Sandy Koufax, when he was striking out all those hitters in the '60s, drew an extra 10,000 spectators to Dodger Stadium every time he started. The similarity between the pitching of Koufax and Jones ends with the fact that both are left-handed. Koufax' fastball was nearly 30 mph swifter than Jones', which has been clocked at a leisurely 73 mph. But Jones is the better drawing card. In his first dozen appearances at San Diego Stadium this season, he attracted crowds averaging 32,775. At Jonesless games, the Padres have drawn slightly more than 21,000.

Uncoiled to 6' 6", Winfield has had 50 RBIs.

One reason the faithful turn out in such unusual numbers is that Jones most often wins—and usually does so with dispatch. Unlike many of his contemporaries, who either perform interminable household chores on the mound or affix themselves to it like garden statues, Jones does not shilly-shally between pitches. And when he does throw the ball it is normally a strike. On June 22 he tied a 63-year-old National League record set by Christy Mathewson when he completed 68 consecutive innings without issuing a base on balls. Even when Jones is not throwing strikes, his uncanny sinkerball arrives at the plate looking like one. Then it plummets, so that even the mightiest hitters are reduced to topping rollers to the infield.

And Jones rarely requires succor from the bullpen, with all the tedium—conferences, auto trips and the like—such emergencies entail. In his first 20 starts this season he had 14 complete games, throwing an average of only 105 pitches in each.

The result of all these time-saving factors is that the average Jones game takes only two hours and two minutes, a fact that adds to his popularity with teammates and opponents alike, because he leaves them ample time after the game for dinner, cocktails and associated goings on. Jones' 3–1 win over the Reds last week was vintage stuff. He allowed only six hits, walked two batters (one intentionally) and induced the Cincinnati strongboys, against whom he now has a 7-4 career record, to hit a dozen ground outs. The time of the game was one hour and 49 minutes.

At his present clip Jones could arrive at the All-Star Game with the most impressive record since Don Newcombe of Brooklyn showed up there in 1956 with 18 wins and one loss. There is already talk of a 30-victory season, conversation which Jones, ever unassuming, diligently tries to suppress. But the speculation persists. Denny McLain, the last 30-game winner, had a record of 16-2 at the midseason break in 1968. With a week still to go before this year's All-Star Game, Jones had won 15 times, including a 5-2 victory over the Dodgers that followed

continued

Fuentes doubles up as a steady No. 2 hitter

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE LONG

his win against the Reds last week.

If Jones avoids injury—and receives a modicum of good fortune—his chances for 30 would seem reasonably good, because he clearly is no half-season wonder. He won 20 games last year while losing 12, and led the league with an ERA of 2.24

It would stand to reason, then, that Jones' opponents should have the profoundest respect for him. But Mike Schmidt, the Philadelphia slugger, recently was quoted as saying of Jones, "If I were a pitcher, I'd be embarrassed to go out to the mound with that kind of stuff." That kind of stuff has twice shut out the Phillies this year. Cincy's Pete Rose was reportedly so impatient with Jones' low, soft ones that he stepped out of the batter's box and bellowed, "Why don't you go warm up, then come back and throw the ball?" Merv Rettenmund, now Jones' teammate but a Red last season, confirms that there was much anti-Jones sentiment in the Cincinnati clubhouse. "They'd say, 'I've never seen a guy throw so bad. We'll get him next time.' Next time he'd win again."

Rose, for one, now professes nothing but admiration for Jones' pitching. "Randy's no fluke," he says. "Sure, I yell at pitchers occasionally, but I'm not about to run down a guy with his record. The other pitchers should take him as an example of somebody who gets the most out of what he has."

Rose paid Jones an unusual nonverbal compliment last week. A switch hitter, Rose ordinarily steps up right-handed against lefties, but against Jones he reasoned that he might have a better chance hitting left-handed, especially because he was 4 for 29 right-handed against him. Only once before had Rose flown in the face of the lefty-righty percentages. He did it for one at bat facing former Dodger screwballer Jim Brewer. Rose batted lefty four times against Jones, grounding out twice, striking out and walking "Left-handed, right-handed, cross-handed, he still gets you out," Rose said after the failed experiment.

Padre Pitching Coach Roger Craig holds Jones' detractors in contempt. "Randy has three outstanding pitches—a sinker, a slider and a curve—and he usually needs only two," he says. "He never throws the ball straight, but he has the best control of any pitcher in the game. The sinker is unusual in that it breaks late, it looks like a fastball down the middle before it drops four to eight inches. And Randy turns it over so that it breaks a little like a screwball. To a right-handed hitter, the sinker breaks down and away and the slider down and in. If you're looking for the sinker, no way you're gonna hit the slider."

Away from the madding crowd, Jones remains in character—a nice guy who married his high school sweetheart (the former Marie Stassi) and who would rather cuddle his 18-month-old daughter Staci and romp with his Brittany spaniels, Sweets and Sandy, than hear people tell him how wonderful he is. He is even an early riser, particularly on days following a win. "A win you want to savor as long as you can, so I don't sleep well on those nights," he says. "Losing is such a letdown, I go right out. I got a lot of sleep in 1974."

It is typical of Jones that he often draws notice to his 8-22 record in '74, his first full season in the big leagues. When praise tumbles promiscuously down on his curly head, he only has to recall that lamentable season to regain his equilibrium. "It's not hard to stay humble," he says humbly. "Twenty-two losses will do that for you. Besides, I don't particularly care to change my personality. I can see how some people would change, though You can be leading a simple life with not too much exposure, then it all explodes in your face. All of a sudden you have no private life."

To preserve his private life, Jones retreats to the four-bedroom Spanish-style house he owns in Poway, a determinedly rural community about 25 miles north of San Diego. "This is my privacy," he says. "Here I keep a low profile. I never thought any of this would happen to me. If somebody had told me when I was a kid that I'd have a house like this and a life like this, I'd have said, 'No way.' "

Jones, who grew up in the Orange County, Calif. town of Brea, was hardly considered a hot property as a youngster. He hurt his arm pitching in high school and lost his fastball altogether while playing for Chapman College, also in Orange County. He earned a degree in business and was preparing to enter the world of commerce when the Padres drafted him and signed him for a $3,000 bonus. The scouts, he reasons, recognized his "other qualities"—a willingness to work and steely determination. Even the modest Jones acknowledges that he possesses these traits.

As he sees it, his only problem in this superb season is avoiding self-imposed pressures. "I was cruising along fine at the start of this season," Jones says, "then after I'd won a few I started looking ahead, thinking about how many I could win. That's not my style. I must stay relaxed. If I'm too anxious, pressing too hard, I defeat my purpose. For one thing, my sinker works best when I throw it at slower speeds. I don't get the movement on the ball when I overthrow."

Jones is a most unlikely hero and a most likable one. In the opinions of his teammates, coaches and manager, his extraordinary success has left him unfazed. "He's the same person who lost 22 games two years ago," says McNamara, who has seen more than one impressionable young head turned by public acclaim.

Three years ago the Padres very nearly moved to Washington before Owner Ray Kroc convinced San Diegans that a baseball team is worth having. Now Jones is convincing them that they also may have a winner, and San Diego, which, according to the old saw, is bordered on the west by the Pacific Ocean, the east by the desert, the south by Mexico and the north by the Dodgers, is fast becoming one of the more rabid baseball towns. In third place, six games behind the division-leading Reds, the Padres had drawn only a few thousand short of a million customers by the end of last week. On the field, they are much improved over previous dead-last editions. The outfield is strong, with Johnny Grubb in left, Willie Davis, still a speedster at 36 years of age, in center, and 6′6″ Rightfielder Dave Winfield, who leads San Diego with 50 RBIs. And the addition of Third Baseman Doug Rader from Houston has considerably tightened an infield that includes the steady-hitting (.287) Second Baseman Tito Fuentes. Dave Freisleben (6-3) and Brent Strom (8-7) are solid young pitchers who back up Jones. "As the personnel gets better, the easier it gets to manage," says McNamara

It is particularly easy every fourth day when Jones steps forward to accept the roar of the crowd. Says *San Diego Union* Sports Editor Jack Murphy, "This town never before had a figure like Randy Jones." Nor, he should be reminded, has any other city. **END**

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A LIVING LEGEND CALLED MEAN SMILIN' JACK

Pittsburgh's young middle linebacker, Jack Lambert, plays with a vicious Butkus-like intensity that makes him special even on a team of stars

by ROBERT F. JONES

As the closest thing to combat in civilian life, professional football is a breeding ground of legends that echo our rapidly fading warrior past. Reputedly the fiercest of these nascent legendary figures is Jack Lambert, the All-Pro middle linebacker of the Pittsburgh Steelers who after only two years in the NFL wears two Super Bowl rings on his fingers. According to Lambert's teammates and adversaries, he's the Grendel of the Gridiron, a cleated and bone-crunching blend of Caligula and King Kong who delights in snatching the soft parts from hapless backs and receivers and who performs open-heart surgery on the enemy using naught but his snaggled, bloody fingernails in lieu of a scalpel. He's not just meaner than mean. He's meaner than Greene!

"Jack Lambert is so mean," says Pittsburgh Tackle Mean Joe Greene, a legend in his own right, "that he don't even like *himself*."

Ever since Sam Huff of the New York Giants first popularized the sadomasochistic side of the middle linebacker's role in the early 1960s, pro football has seen a steady stream of larger-than-death monsters parading through the position, each one trying to be meaner, fiercer, more bloodthirstily outrageous than the next. After Huff, with his rages and that toothless smirk of glee in the midst of havoc, there came the Chicago Bears' Dick Butkus, who boasted publicly (and giggled privately) that he soothed himself to sleep before a game with reveries of dismembered quarterbacks. And Tim Rossovich of the Philadelphia Eagles and San Diego Chargers, who enlivened team parties by setting himself on fire before making his entrance, then cooled off by eating the cocktail glasses.

The latest ogre is John Harold Lambert, better known as "Smilin' Jack" because of his dour visage, who at age 24 has risen to the top of the demonological heap more rapidly than any other legend in a sport that thrives on them. And he doesn't like the legend one bit. This is precisely how *mean* Jack Lambert can be.

It was easily 110° on the airless AstroTurf floor of Pittsburgh's Three Rivers Stadium as Smilin' Jack took the last of his morning laps around the empty, shadeless arena. Church bells across the Monongahela River tolled noon. A fungo bat cracked in crisp counterpoint as a few shirtless, puffing groundskeepers took their lunch-hour exercise, ignoring the lean, lonely figure who plodded under their bloopers. Lambert had begun the workout three hours earlier with weight-lifting exercises in a fetid chamber deep in the bowels of the stadium, bench-pressing as much as 375 pounds straight overhead again and again until his tendons popped like Chinese firecrackers. Next came a series of curls that set his biceps to bulging. Then out to the stadium itself for wind sprints and the slower jogging laps through the boiler-room heat. Sweat soaked the cutoff Steeler T shirt and shorts, the soggy blond hair was matted over his brow.

As Lambert ran, he clicked his two false front teeth in time to some inner music—not the *Horst-Wessel-Lied*, as the legend makers might contend, but probably just plain old folk rock. It had been a tough morning for a football player in early summer, and the prospects for the afternoon were no less physically agonizing: three hours of tennis—savage, slamming action on the court with his pal and rival Jack Ham, the Steelers' outside linebacker.

Thus the preseason day shaped up as a regimen calculated to turn even St. Francis of Assisi into a kicker of dogs and small children. Yet when a swarm of third-graders from the Boggs Avenue School descended yelping into the stadium for autographs, Lambert stood in the surge of pygmies for fully half an hour, smiling and patting heads and signing, signing, signing his name until he ran out of paper—and the kids ran out of attention span.

"See how mean I am?" Lambert said as he trotted back into the locker room. He winked and flashed a rare smile, a brightly delighted third-grader's grin. "Yeah, I'm mean all right. Meaner than Greene. Sure I am."

Anyone who has watched Lambert's play with the Steelers these past two seasons might be forgiven for doubting his disavowal. He is a hard, quick hitter with a Sidewinder missile's instinct for the heat of action that puts him in the thick of the pileups on nearly every running play, yet with the speed and agility to cover halfbacks and even wide receivers on pass plays, both deep and shallow. During Super Bowl X in Miami last January, Lambert ran stride for stride with Dallas' Preston Pearson on one deep pat-

continued

A smallish 6'4" and 218 pounds, Lambert hoists as much as 375 pounds to maintain the muscle tone he needs to paralyze rival ballcarriers

tern and batted the ball away from a sure touchdown. On another occasion—and this is where the legend-makers' day was made—he picked up Cowboy Safety Cliff Harris by the shoulder pads and "bench-pressed" him straight into the ground. Even when he wasn't on the field playing defense, Lambert was hopping on the sidelines like an animated pogo stick, huffing and puffing through his gapped front teeth, eyes rolling madly, exhorting his teammates on offense and howling invective at the Cowboys.

"People tell me that I get a little bit carried away during a game," Lambert allows with a farm-boy laconicism that betrays his rural roots. "I really don't remember it. I do remember the Harris incident, though. What happened was that our kicker, Roy Gerela, had missed a field goal and Harris came running up to him, clapped both hands on Roy's helmet and said, 'Nice going. That really helps us.' Well, we were getting intimidated there in the first half and, I mean, *we* are supposed to be the intimidators. We couldn't have that. So I just grabbed Harris by the pads and flung him down. After the game the Cowboys said I was hitting late, taking cheap shots. That's bunk. That's sour grapes. I hit hard, all right, but I hit fair. That's the name of the game." And, thanks in large measure to Lambert's *Kamikaze* élan, it also spelled the final score: Steelers 21, Cowboys 17.

Needless to say, Lambert's teammates are among his most ardent fans. The greatest compliment comes from Mean Joe himself. "He's our spark, our spearhead," Greene says. "If I was ever in a barroom brawl and needed someone to go back-to-back with me, I'd want Jack Lambert to be the man." Head Coach Chuck Noll is no less sincere but a bit more prosaic, lauding Lambert for his "desire," a quality that coaches seem to value almost as much as victory. Backup Quarterback Terry Hanratty, the team jester, honors Lambert in his own peculiar fashion by making him the butt of Hanratty's nonstop practical jokes. "Last season Terry took to sticking cups of water under my shoulder pads, where I have them up there on top of the locker," Lambert says. "I'd come to grab them down and, splash, instant deluge." Lambert shakes his head, deadpan. "It was all right the first three or four times, particularly during the hot part of the season, but then when we played Oakland here in the AFC championship game and it was six below zero out there. . . " He rattles his false teeth in a simulacrum of a shiver.

"Before one game, Hanratty got up an hour early, went to a dime store and bought a paper skeleton, which he then hung in my locker along with a paper effigy of me with a cutout head shot on top of it and toed-in white-and-brown wing-tip shoes on the feet. It was Halloween, a date which Hanratty seems to have arbitrarily designated as Jack Lambert's Birthday, though my real birthday is July 8." Again Lambert shakes his head, seemingly in disapproval. "Would you believe he is 28 years old?"

Sure, but what's harder to believe is that Jack Lambert, who has just turned 24, could have achieved the phenomenal success of the past two years as rapidly as he has, particularly when one studies the unimpressive base from which he rose. A small-town kid from Mantua, Ohio (pop. 1,199) who spent summers pitching hay and slopping hogs on his grandfather's farm, Lambert was not particularly outstanding as a 6'4", 185-pound quarterback on the Crestwood High School football team. "I was mainly a hand-offer," Lambert recalls of his Crestwood quarterbacking days, "and my best time for the 40 back then was six seconds flat. When we flip-flopped, though, I played defensive halfback, and even then I loved to hit. Loved it." Nonetheless, only one Big Ten school—Wisconsin—showed any interest in him, and at one point Lambert thought of seeking a basketball scholarship. Instead, he enrolled at Kent State University, where he rapidly honed his skills—and put on much-needed muscle—at middle linebacker. Today he plays at 218 pounds and can run the 40 in 4.7 seconds, excellent speed for a sockdolager.

Though he made a few small college All-America teams, Lambert's prospects for pro ball were not the brightest. "I remember sitting in my dorm the day of the 1974 Super Bowl and actually debating whether I should watch it or not," he says. "If anyone had told me then that I'd be the starting middle linebacker on the winning Super Bowl team the next year, I'd have told him to go chase himself. Don't get me wrong—I knew deep down inside that I could do it, that I was good, but nobody else much seemed to agree with me."

One man who did was the Steelers' linebacker coach, Woody Widenhofer, who had recently come to Pittsburgh from Eastern Michigan University. Widenhofer helped Noll decide to choose Lambert second in the 1974 draft, right behind Lynn Swann. Immediately after the draft, Lambert called Widenhofer and asked if he could drive from Kent State to Pittsburgh on weekends to study films. Lambert would get up at 6 a.m. on Saturday and drive the 2½ hours to Pittsburgh in his Cougar, then watch eight hours of movies per weekend, studying the pro linebacker formations and sets. "Something like this never happened to me before," Widenhofer says. "I don't think it ever happened here. I figured he was either putting me on or else he had a great attitude."

"I guess I was just naive," says Lambert today. "I figured every rookie would be up there looking at films. I thought it was just plain logical." For Smilin' Jack, the logic paid off. There were six veteran linebackers in camp at Latrobe, Pa. when Lambert showed up for his rookie season. Andy Russell and Jack Ham held down the outside slots, with Henry Davis, a seven-year veteran finally coming into bloom, in the middle position. "I knew I couldn't beat out Ham or Russell," Jack says, "but I thought I could take the job away from Henry." After a few preseason starts on the outside, where he scarcely distinguished himself except for "attitude," Lambert moved to the middle. He was aided by two big breaks. In 1974 the players went on strike, and for most of the preseason Davis was out of camp. Then when Davis came back he suffered a neck injury and a mild concussion that put him on the injured list. Seizing these opportunities, Smilin' Jack promptly took the job away from Davis with some brilliant, hard-hitting, wide-ranging play in the early part of the season.

How did it feel to unseat a seven-year vet? "Henry was always nice to me the few times I saw him," Lambert says. "He helped me, taught me a few things. But this is a professional game, you play it to win at all levels. There's no room here for easy sentimentality. Either you play or you don't play. I wanted to play."

And that Lambert did, starting every game of the 1974-75 season and winning honors as the NFL's defensive Rookie of the Year. In Super Bowl IX, against the Minnesota Vikings, he played a hard-

hitting first half but missed the second half with what was initially diagnosed as an ankle sprain. "I was chasing Chuck Foreman near the end of the first half when Joe Greene landed on my right ankle," he remembers. "I wanted to get back in there but the doc said no. Two days later I was down in Florida and the ankle still hurt, so I went to another doctor. He X-rayed it and found it was broken, just a hairline fracture but a break nonetheless. I'm damned glad they didn't let me go back out there."

With one Super Bowl ring and a Rookie of the Year designation to his credit, Lambert set his sights a tall notch higher for his second season: All-Pro. Despite the earlier honors, he was not at all satisfied with his day-in, day-out performance. "There wasn't a single game in which I didn't make a number of glaring errors," he says. "In fact, there still isn't. What a real pro does is to play without mistakes, no mistakes at all—that's what I'm shooting for."

Having mastered the intricacies of the Steeler defense his first year (he calls defensive signals with assistance from Defensive Coordinator Bud Carson on the sidelines), Lambert set out to refine his skills. He particularly improved his pass coverage, which helped let the Steelers stick with a straight 4-3 defensive alignment. "We've got some 30 pass situations in which the linebackers provide coverage," he says. "That's a lot, but all three of us are fast and relatively light. And we get her done." With Lambert at 218, Ham 220 and Russell at 214, the Steeler linebacker corps is one of the lightest in the NFL, but Lambert's philosophy of impact over weight infuses each member of the trio. "I give away 20 pounds every time I step on the field," he allows. "So I have to be 20 pounds more aggressive."

That aggression, along with a few minor bad breaks, has led to some scary moments. During a hayride at Tackle Jon Kolb's farm, Lambert tried to get too frisky in a new pair of cowboy boots and fell and sprained an ankle. He missed an exhibition game against the Cowboys and the Steelers lost 17–16. Later, during the regular season, he cut a finger while washing dishes in his bachelor apartment—the cut was worth seven stitches—but played anyway in a game against the Eagles and came away with the game ball, plus the intrastate joy of a 27–0 victory. Then, during a little friendly tussle in the locker room, Gerela threw a can of Fanta cream soda that caught Lambert on the ear. That cut took eight stitches. (The infamous pop can is now enseonced in the locker room trophy cabinet, along with such other memorabilia as Mel Blount's record-setting 11th interception ball.) Lambert may be a bit accident prone, and with his relatively slight bone structure he could find the injuries catching up with him before his career has peaked, but that's the price of high spirits and aggressiveness. In any event, it hasn't caused him to change his wide-open style of play.

One Pittsburgh sportswriter has called Lambert "the Nureyev of linebackers," a clear reference to his ability and balance in the middle of muddle.

"Who's Nureyev?" Lambert asks, deadpan again. The ballet dancer is defined for him.

"I don't know if that's a compliment or an insult," he says, after pondering the information. "But I guess those guys are pretty good athletes, whatever else they do. I'll take it as a compliment."

Other oldtime Steeler fans liken Lambert to the tough players of the team's early, losing years—men like Ernie Stautner and Bobby Layne, who hurt you when they played you, win or lose. "I like that comparison better," Lambert says. "That's what I'd really have liked, to play back in those days even though the money was hardly there. They played for the game—and to hit. Cripes, 50 bucks a game, but they loved it."

Lambert's spirit may be akin to Johnny Blood's and Ed Sprinkle's, but his life-style is certainly different. His apartment in the Village in the Park on Pittsburgh's north side is natural-wood modern, replete with a supertrick stereo outfit. A wide wooden veranda overlooks the gorges of the Ohio River. In one corner stands a Taso set. Lambert explains that Taso is a Korean version of the Japanese samurai game of Go, which in turn is related to chess, though much more complex and free form. Lambert plays it regularly with friends "to keep the strategy cells healthy."

An avid reader, he is one of the rare football players familiar with the works of John Updike, Joseph Heller and Franz Kafka. On a recent USO tour to the Far East, Lambert discovered Hawaii and fell in love with the water, the sun and the scene. "Skin diving, fishing, boats—that's what I always dreamed of on the farm back in Ohio," he muses. "I've got to find me someplace in the sun, someplace on the water."

Right now, though, it's time for a tennis workout with Jack Ham. Lambert jumps into his Corvette with the paint job called "red pearl," done by his friends Art and Walt Arfons of Bonneville and Akron, and tools over to the Airport Racquet Club. Ham has been there an hour already, slamming balls against the wall and getting his "game face" on. Lambert took up tennis only this year, at Ham's urging. "It's good for the legs, good for changing direction fast and keeping your eye on the ball," Lambert says. His backhand is awkward, his serve scrunched-up and too tightly controlled. But when Smilin' Jack gets a clear shot at a forehand drive—and doesn't get overeager to kill the ball—he burns it past Ham with no chance for a return. Ham, for his part, plays a cruel, taunting game, trying to psych Lambert into even more grievous errors, a mind game calculated to test things that can become quite serious when translated to football—things like cool.

"Fault!" yells Ham when Lambert pops a serve into the net. He chuckles to himself.

"Out!" he yells when Lambert blasts a ball home-run-like over the retaining wall behind the court. At one point, Lambert misses an easy lob shot and hurls both himself and his racket to the clay. Still, you can see, in another year or two, with that kind of desire, he'll frizzle Ham's bacon.

"You know what it was, Lambert?" Ham asks after the workout. "It was 6–0, 6–2. I won. You were never in it, Lambert." He snickers and walks away to his car. "How about Friday?" he asks just before he gets in.

"Great," says Smilin' Jack. "I'll get you then, you blankety-blank!"

They both laugh, and Ham drives away.

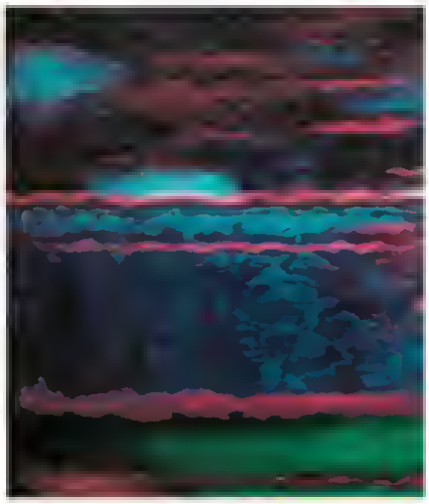
"You know what I'm proudest of the most?" Lambert asks. "Prouder than of the Super Bowl rings, even? We all made All-Pro last year. Jack and Andy and me—all three of us. That's the first time in history that all three linebackers came from the same team. It shows that I fit in, that we work together. That's what I'm the proudest of."

Oh sure, Jack Lambert, he's mean. A legend in his own time. **END**

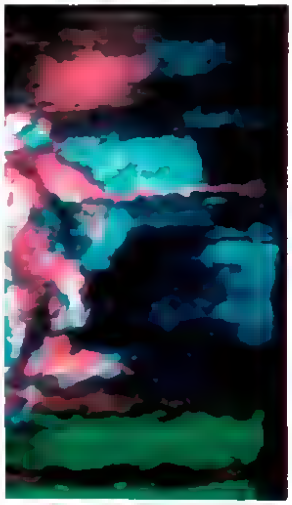
AN EYE FOR THE ESSENCE OF THE GAME

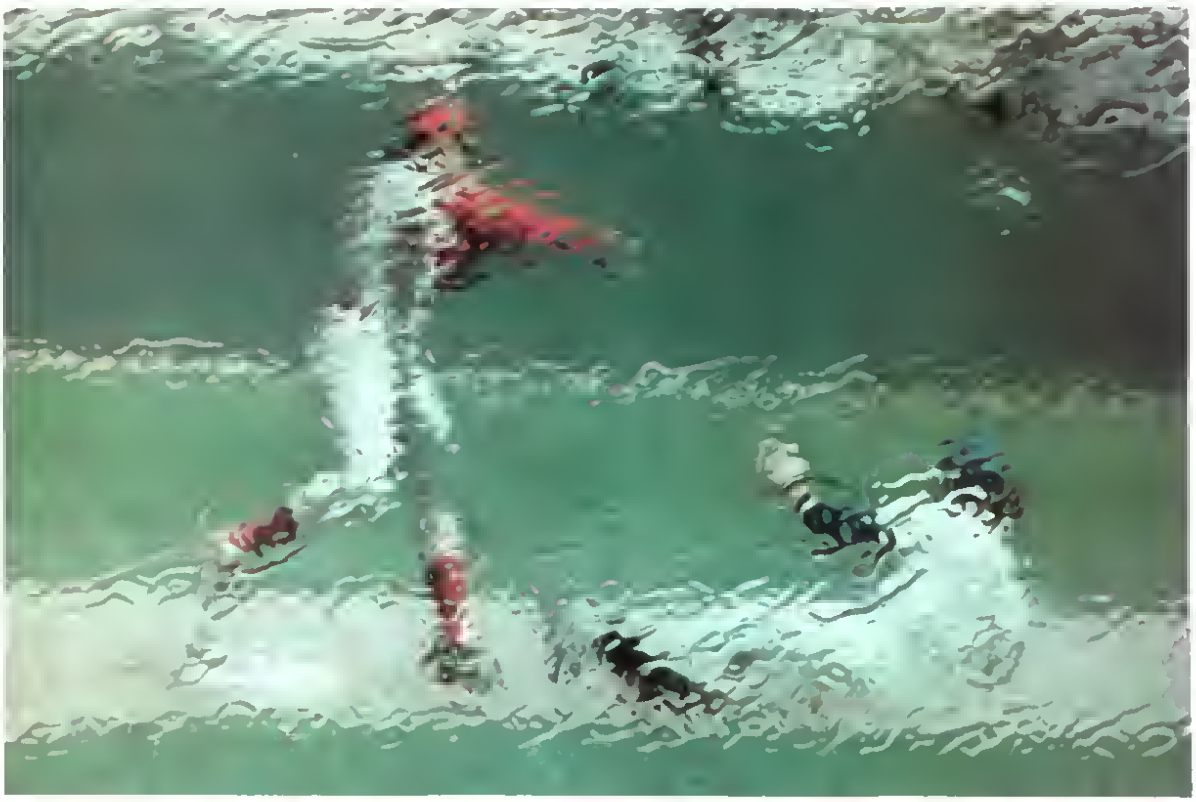
Photographs by Geoffrey Gove

The creator of this photographic partfolio has undertaken a poet's task. By reshooting still photos and television pictures of baseball through sheets of textured acrylic and glass, he has stripped the images of all but the essence of their action. At left, a pitcher on o TV screen loses his personal and team identity when refracted through pebbled shower glass, and his windup becomes The Windup. At right, a photo shot thraugh translucent plastic turns the moment of impoct between bat and ball into a burst of light.



From close up many of these photographs would appear to be abstractions of light and color, but at a greater distance they become the familiar vignettes of baseball—such scenes as a pitcher taking a sign, a runner leading off base, a full speed, one-handed catch in the outfield.





Photographer Gove grew up in pre-Giants San Francisco, when keeping up with major league baseball was on exercise in imagination. His passion for the sport was nurtured by re-creations on the radio, the crack of unseen bats in stadiums of the mind.

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

ANYONE FOR TOO MUCH TENNIS?

CHRIS DEFEATED EVONNE TWICE IN TWO DAYS—ON TAPE

Television is finally starting to come to grips with the tennis racket. A game that seems virtually invented for the medium—confined space, small cast of characters, no need for mammoth film crews—tennis has proliferated like one of Al Capp's schmoos. In 1971 2% of the air time allocated to all sports by the major networks was devoted to tennis: this year the figure is 13%. The number of tennis events on TV has increased from seven five years ago to some 70 this year and, including the Public Broadcasting Service, the number of hours from around 30 to 225. But last weekend the tennis monster showed signs that it could devour Frankenstein. On Saturday afternoon NBC showed—on tape—Chris Evert out-gaming Evonne Goolagong on Centre Court at Wimbledon in a match that had actually taken place some 25 hours earlier. On Sunday afternoon the very same two were at it again, this time on ABC, in a match that had been played seven months earlier at Hilton Head Island S.C. Evert won that one, too.

Because of this sort of electronic jiggery-pokery, tennis television ratings, with rare exceptions, have been tumbling, and the networks are planning to reduce the number of matches and broadcasting hours next year, perhaps by as much as 50%. Hallelujah! Tennis viewers are so inundated that some have become convinced that what they are really seeing is a couple of dozen players who are being kept prisoners by the networks in a large building somewhere in New Mexico and forced to play each other continuously as the cameras whir. Every so often they are required to change into different-colored shirts. According to the announcers the matches are coming to us from Spain or Hilton Head or Amelia Island, but we really know better. The shows, like the games themselves, look exactly alike. Not much ever happens in or around that building in New Mexico to persuade me that tennis on NBC is all that different from tennis on CBS, or that CBS covers the game better than ABC.

Oh, once in a while some guy named Ilie Nastase livens things up for a while by stomping out of the building and all the others get mad at him. Or a hairdresser sneaks in and gives Billie Jean the frizzies. And the balls are now yellow instead of white. But the monotony and the overexposure tend to make even a fine young performer like Bjorn Borg just another bore.

Oversaturation is nothing new in television. If one doctor show is successful, try a dozen; if *Upstairs, Downstairs* works in London, why not the same sort of thing in Boston? Tennis, of course, is cheap to produce, and there is a genuine tennis-playing boom in the U.S. But the thing to keep in mind about TV tennis in the '70s is what happened to TV boxing at the end of the '50s. Television built boxing, milked it, then flipped it out into the cold. All of a sudden, no more boxing on TV. TV helped build tennis and is now milking it. When will the flip come?

Carl Lindemann Jr., the head of NBC sports, speaking at an affiliates convention in Los Angeles last week, said, "It becomes obvious that the earlier glowing predictions for tennis as a television attraction are not being realized. . . . We will be cutting back substantially in 1977. Tennis expanded too rapidly on all three networks to the confusion of the viewer whether he be a tennis fan or not. . . . You can switch channels at a given time and see Arthur Ashe, Rod Laver or Bjorn Borg playing on different channels simultaneously."

The one thing you can't see on different channels simultaneously is Lindemann's top tennis announcer, the peerless Bud Collins (SI, April 5). Collins recently charged in a piece written for *World Tennis* that the proliferation of tennis, television and money often results in the spectator being ripped off by tired players who simply want to get their matches over with.

"The days of tennis by the ton are over," says Clarence Cross, Director of Sports for CBS. "We love tennis and make money with it, but the number of tournaments and the overlapping of them confuses viewers. We are dropping the Virginia Slims Tour next season even though the ratings went up this year. In the first quarter of next year we are going to emphasize the NBA more because of the recent merger with the ABA. The demographics for tennis are excellent, and our sales department was sorry to see the Slims tour go, but if you have to balance things on a scale, pro basketball wins."

Lindemann and Cross agree that big tournaments like Wimbledon and Forest Hills will have greater appeal to fans and sponsors once a lot of the phony tennis is dropped. And the "heavyweight" matches from Las Vegas will now have to be meaningful to get on the air. CBS put on three of them over the last two years and the ratings clearly showed ennui setting in: Jimmy Connors vs. Rod Laver (17 million viewers); Connors vs. John Newcombe (16.5 million); Connors vs. Manuel Orantes (8.8 million).

But all is not downhill for the game, airwaves-wise. The Golden Gaters of World Team Tennis have found enough sponsors to broadcast 25 of their matches on *radio* in the San Francisco area on stations KRE-AM and KPEN-FM. (When one listens to a tennis match on radio, do the ears tend to go from side to side?) Tennis itself, of course, will learn something once television starts bailing out: that the time has come for the game to get itself organized. END

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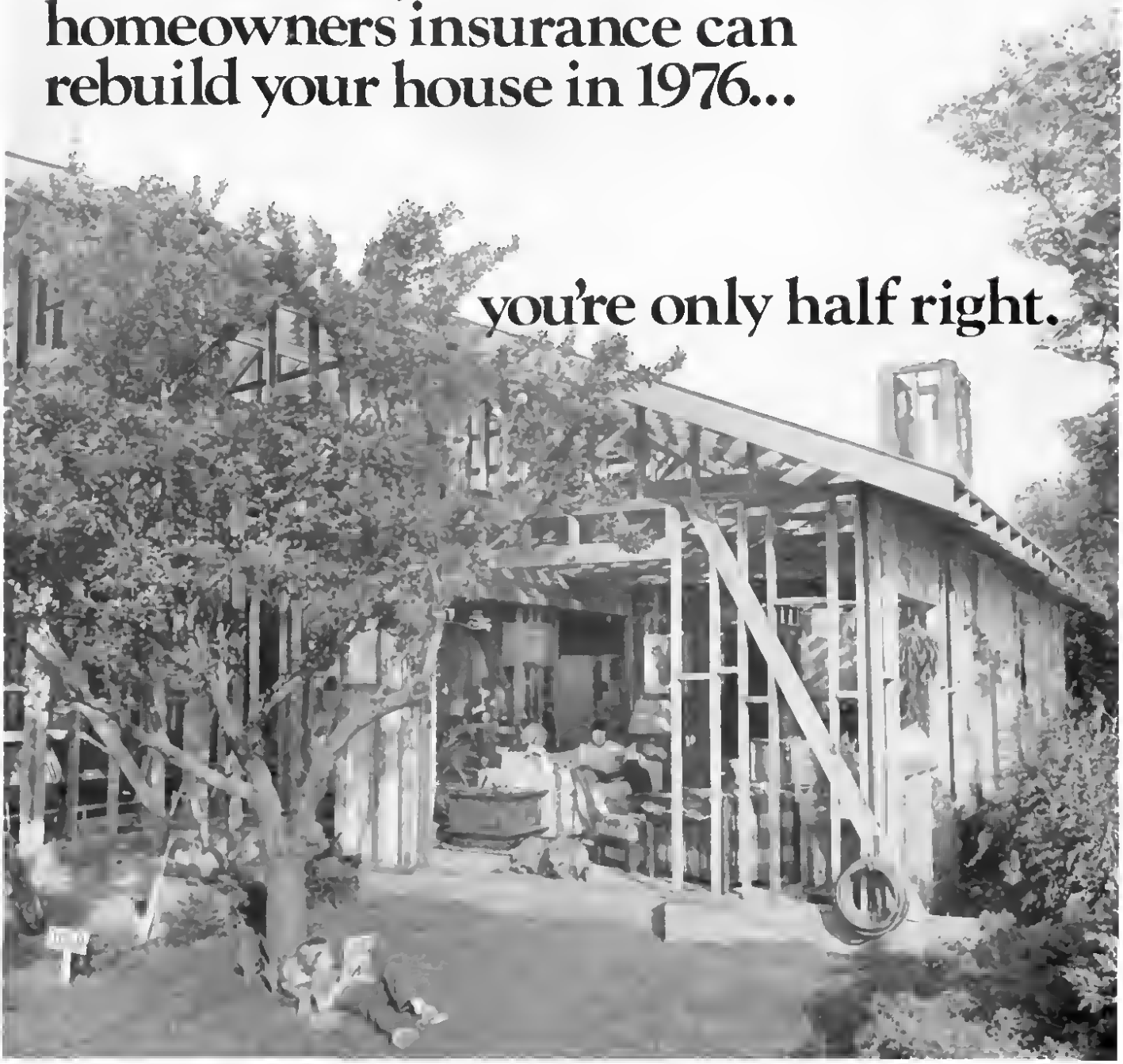

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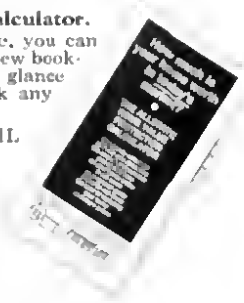

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You're in good hands.

Cuckoo over a rara avis

Rookie righthander Mark (The Bird) Fidrych has sent the spirits of Tiger fans winging with his youthful eccentricities and a 9-1 record

A strange Bird with flamingo legs, a sparrow's countenance and Harpo Marx plumage stood on the mound and talked to the baseball:

"Flow, gotta flow now, gotta flow.

"C'mon, gotta keep down. Let it fly."

The soliloquy was accompanied by wing-flapping gyrations. When it concluded, the Bird did a double knee bend. He pitched. The batter swung at the fastball and missed.

"Great pitch, way to flow, in the groove," the Bird said to the ball when he got it back.

So it went far into the night, and when the game was over, 47,855 human beings stood and shrieked in unison, "We want the Bird! We want the Bird! We want the Bird!"

So the Bird came mincing out of the dugout in his stocking feet. He took off his cap and waved it. He waved it again. He blew kisses to the multitudes, and he bowed and nodded. Then he bird-stepped back to the clubhouse.

This all actually happened. There is no fiction about the Bird, the Tigers' rookie righthander whose real name is Mark Fidrych. This scene occurred early last week after he defeated the first-place Yankees 5–1, but there was as much excitement five days later when 51,032 showed up to see Fidrych shut out Baltimore for his ninth win in 10 big-league starts. Detroit, a city of sports deprivation, vibrated the way it had not since the days of Denny McLain. Donald Shoemaker of nearby Warren even named his newborn son Mark Fidrych Shoemaker.

Back in the clubhouse after his victory over New York, the Bird took his achievement in stride. He drank a paper cup of milk on the rocks and chased it with four beers.

"It gives my body a rush," said Fidrych in Birdese. "Any player gets a rush when he hears cheers from the stands. My mind's not that blank.

"I don't want to get impressed with myself, get a big head. If that happens, I want somebody to smack me. That would be the downfall of my life. I'm only a rookie."

"You feel you've got a lot going for you now?" wondered a radio interviewer.

"Well, my car's still going good," said the Bird.

"I mean—" said the radio person.

"I couldn't ask for anything better," Fidrych said. "The only other job I could have is working in a gas station back home."

"He's the most exciting thing I've seen in any city I've been in," says Outfielder Rusty Staub, who played in New York when the Mets won a pennant. "I've never seen a city turn on like this. I've seen Tom Seaver go out and mow them down, but I've never seen anybody electrify the fans like this. And the best part of it is that none of it is contrived."

The Bird showed up at the Tigers' lockout-delayed spring training camp with a few T shirts, a couple of pairs of blue jeans, some cutoffs and a pair of shredded blue sneakers. He was a non-roster pitcher who had been invited to throw batting practice to the big-leaguers. The big-leaguers lived in motels and rented houses. Fidrych stayed in the dormitory at the Tigers' minor league base. It seemed he was destined to play this year for Detroit's Evansville (Ind.) farm club.

Fidrych had spent less than two seasons in the minors. He began at Bristol, Va., becoming the Bird his first day there. Coach Jeff Hogan originated the name after watching Fidrych, on the field, piercing the silence with shrieks of *gaawk, gaawk*. "You're a bird," said Hogan, and he was right.

By the middle of last season, Fidrych had advanced from Bristol to Lakeland, Fla. to Montgomery, Ala. to Evansville in Triple A. And news of his high-velocity fastball and his hard slider had reached Detroit. When the management-player squabbles retarded the training of other pitchers this spring, Tiger Manager Ralph Houk used Fidrych in several exhibition games.

He worked against the Reds and the Red Sox. He kept the ball low and fast—and he stayed in camp. When he pitched, he talked to the ball, he talked to the infielders, he talked to everyone.

One day at Lakeland he ran full tilt to the bullpen to warm up for an exhibition start against Boston. Oops, he had neglected a necessity. He stood on the bullpen mound, in full view of the crowd, and removed his plastic protective cup from his pants pocket. He lowered his baseball knickers. He inserted the cup into its proper place. Then he proceeded to warm up.

"I fogot," said the Bird.

DOWN-TO-EARTH FIDRYCH REGULARLY GROOMS THE MOUND WITH HIS BARE HANDS

continued

Five days before the regular season began, Houk assembled the Tigers in the clubhouse. Only 25 players were there, and one of them was Fidrych. The Bird had made the big leagues at the age of 21.

"I tell you, this is the rush of my life," the Bird said that day. "I'll never have another high like it. Ralph said all the guys here were on the team. I went to stand up. I couldn't stand up. You married? Like when you get married, that's a rush."

The Bird borrowed a dime from the clubhouse boy, went to the pay phone and called his parents collect in Northboro, Mass. He inquired about the dogs and the cat, then told his folks that he had become a member of the Tigers.

Fidrych is a gangling, hyperanimated kid who remains unspoiled despite baseball's tangle of agents and lawyers and litigation. The day after he was told he had made the majors, he signed his first Detroit contract for $16,000, the major league minimum. And he is as unconcerned about big names as he is about money. He already has beaten Pat Dobson, Bert Blyleven, Bill Singer, Rick Wise and Ken Holtzman. And regardless of whom he is working against, he begins almost every inning by getting down on his hands and knees and smoothing away the ruts the opposing pitcher's spikes have left in the mound.

The Bird maintains, "I'm not flaky. This is just the way I am. Usually a lefthander's flaky. Why should I change something when it's going good for me?"

However, Fidrych does admit to a few eccentric moments, such as the time he splattered tobacco juice on his Detroit uniform. "I want the guys to know I chew," the Bird said.

Fidrych made only two mop-up relief appearances in the first month of the season. Finally, as the Tiger staff became increasingly ineffective, Houk made a desperate move and started the Bird on May 15. Fidrych responded by holding the Indians without a hit until the seventh inning and recording his first major league victory with a two-hitter. He leaped into the arms of his catcher, Bruce Kimm, and did an ostrich hop to shake hands with each of his teammates as they ran from the field. Then he shook hands with members of the ground crew.

The next day Fidrych started his rapidly expanding collection of memorabilia. He ceremoniously recorded the details of his first victory on the baseball with which he had gotten the final out: 2–1, MAY 15, 1976, INDIENS.

Detroit's newest folk hero, who this week was named the American League Player of the Month for June, lives in a bachelor pad in the suburbs. He listens to stereo music in his going-to-work outfit—a Bird T shirt sent by a fan, along with the same blue jeans and tattered sneakers he wore to spring training. "I'm pretty neat in the apartment," the Bird says. "Well, the dishes might pile up for two days."

There is a momentary pause. "That's because I only got four dishes," he says.

It is quite apparent that life in the big leagues is a rush.

THE WEEK

(June 27-July 2)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL WEST Several players were into Pyramid Power, a fad among athletes that is based on John Wooden's "Pyramid of Success." Dodger utility man Ted Sizemore built a makeshift pyramid in his locker, then went 4 for 4 as Los Angeles (3-3) nipped Atlanta 2–1. Relying on his arm and bat rather than gimmicks, Rick Rhoden (7-0) beat the Braves 5–2, setting up the go-ahead run in the seventh with his second hit of the game and 13th in 36 at bats (.361) this season.

With his average in the .230s, Johnny Bench of the Reds (3-3) was willing to try anything, so he hung an aluminum pyramid above his locker. Bench struck out four times in the first game of a doubleheader against Houston, before doubling in two runs to tie the score at 7–7 in the 11th inning. The Astros (4-2) won that game 10–8 on Cesar Cedeno's two-run homer in the 14th. Cedeno, who had seven hits during the twin bill, settled the nightcap with a two-run double in the eighth. That gave Joaquin Andujar, a former Cincy farmhand, a 3–2 victory, his fourth win of the year and third over the Reds. When Andujar stopped them the first time, Cincinnati Manager Sparky Anderson said, "Every dog has his day." After beating Cincy again, Andujar was dubbed Poochie by Astro fans. Following his latest triumph, one Red said, "He treats us like a fire hydrant."

"We're for real, and we know it," said John McNamara, the San Diego (4-2) skipper. McNamara's band got a win from Randy Jones (*page 20*) and two from Brent Strom to move within five games of first.

San Francisco (1-4) continued to slump, despite Manager Bill Rigney's new rules: no golf on game days, no beards, a two-hour curfew after road games. As soon as the new regulations were announced, the Giants made four errors in a 4–3 loss to the Astros.

Andy Messersmith of Atlanta (2-3) pitched his seventh straight complete game, stopping San Francisco 7–2 for his eighth victory of the season.

CIN 46-31 LA 42-36 SD 41-36
HOUS 36-41 ATL 35-41 SF 31-48

NL EAST Chicago Owner P. K. Wrigley certainly knows that all bubbles must burst sometime. But that was small consolation last week as his Cubs (0-5) doubled his trouble, losing both big (13–3) and small (2–1) to New York and inflating their latest series of defeats to seven. Wrigley said his players were "looking like a bunch of clowns," though obviously not of the sort who make him laugh.

However, Manager Joe Frazier was all smiles as his Mets (5-0) upped their winning streak to eight. "If a better lefthander exists, I haven't seen him," said Frazier of Jon Matlack. The Cardinals saw Matlack but they could not hit him, losing 13–0 as he gained his 10th win and fourth shutout.

Bob Boone of Philadelphia (3-1) cashed in on a long hit and a short one, socking a grand slam as Jim Lonborg downed St. Louis 6–2 and dropping down a suicide squeeze bunt in the ninth to edge Montreal 2–1.

Pittsburgh (4-1) got strong batting from Al Oliver, a three-hit 10–1 win over Chicago from John Candelaria and a pinch homer in the 10th from Bill Robinson for a 10–9 defeat of Philadelphia.

Woodie Fryman of Montreal (1-3) hung on for a 4–3 victory over Pittsburgh, his 100th major league win.

With attendance down 200,000 and the Cardinals scoreless for 23 innings, Lynn McGlothen provided the only bright spot for St. Louis (1-4), blanking Montreal 3–0.

PHIL 50-21 PITT 42-29 NY 41-37
ST.L 32-42 CHI 30-44 MONT 24-44

AL EAST Boston Manager Darrell Johnson revamped his lineup, putting Steve Dillard at shortstop, benching Catcher Carlton Fisk in favor of Bob Montgomery, shifting Rico Petrocelli from third base to second and using former University of Alabama Quarterback Butch Hobson at third. Fresh from the minors, Hobson immediately gave Johnson no choice except to keep playing him by doubling and homering in his first game, a 12–8 romp over the Orioles. Rick Wise of the Sox (4-2) tossed his second one-hitter in two weeks, defeating Baltimore 2–0.

Also stopping Baltimore by a 2–0 score was Dave Roberts of Detroit (4-1). The Tigers

rallied from four runs back to beat the Yankees 7–5 and clipped the Red Sox 4–2, even though Manager Ralph Houk goofed by listing two designated hitters on his lineup card and was obliged to let starting Pitcher Frank MacCormack bat for himself.

Cleveland (4-2) gained on New York (3-3) as George Hendrick walloped four homers and Pat Dobson (10-5) won twice. Graig Nettles had five RBIs as the Yankees took a doubleheader from the Brewers, and Catfish Hunter beat the Indians 7–1.

Manager Earl Weaver of Baltimore (2-5) gave Jim Palmer extra rest so he could face Boston, a team he had beaten three times without a loss this season. It was to no avail as Palmer was bombed for six runs in a 12–8 loss. Working on his regular schedule, Palmer (10-7) then defeated Detroit 2–1.

"We want Henry," chanted the crowd, hoping Henry Aaron would pinch hit for Bernie Carbo when the Brewers (1-5) had two on and two out in the bottom of the 10th during a tie game against the Red Sox. Instead the crowd got Carbo, whose single finished off his former teammates 6–5.

NY 44-27 CLEV 37-34 DET 35-38
BOS 35-36 BALT 32-38 MIL 28-42

AL WEST

"It was the most gratifying game I've ever played," said Hal McRae of Kansas City (4-2) after a 1–0 win over Minnesota. McRae preserved Al Fitzmorris' shutout with two diving catches in left field, then singled in the 10th inning and scored the game's only run on a sacrifice fly by Fred Patek. While Detroit's Mark (The Bird) Fidrych received boisterous acclaim for beating the Yanks, Doug (The Real) Bird quietly matched Fidrych's record (8-1) as the Royals nudged the Angels 5–4.

It was an abnormally calm week in Oakland. Joe Rudi and Vida Blue, two of the three "traded" A's, whom Owner Charlie Finley was coerced into playing after their teammates threatened to strike, were unproductive, but the third, Reliever Rollie Fingers, picked up his 10th save and fourth win. Even more valuable to the A's (3-3) was Sal Bando, who hit six homers and took over the league lead with 17.

"From here on he should be the best pitcher in the league for a lot of years," said Gaylord Perry of Texas (2-3) after teammate Bert Blyleven recently won his second straight 10-inning 1–0 contest. Last week Blyleven was in yet another 1–0 game, a loss to Chicago (2-3). Earning that victory was Bart Johnson, a winner in seven straight starts against the Rangers.

California Manager Dick Williams fined himself $100 after he absentmindedly listed Nolan Ryan instead of Gary Ross as his starting pitcher against Chicago. Baseball rules required Ryan to face at least one batter. After Ryan retired the lead-off hitter, Ross came on, and the Angels (3-2) won 2–1.

The Twins (2-3) hired an advertising agency to promote ticket sales, which are down 24,000 from last year. But the best ticket-sellers—victories—were hard to come by as Minnesota hit no homers.

KC 46-28 TEX 40-31 OAK 37-39
CHI 34-38 MINN 34-39 CAL 32-46

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

AL OLIVER: "The best string of hits I've ever had" is the way the Pittsburgh centerfielder described his 15-for-23 (.652) spree that drove across nine runs and raised his batting average to .366, the highest in the majors.

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DT Titleist's wound construction.

Top-Flite's solid interior.

Australian Jan Stephenson, once a nobody, is now a tour celeb

From Down Under to up top

It would be an understatement to say that Jan Stephenson was looking forward to a week off. She had been fantasizing about it for weeks. Thirteen straight LPGA tournaments and a healthy bank account—she had earned a rest, she told herself. Her golf clubs, jeans and bathing suit were all packed; she was ready to disappear to Florida and work very hard at doing nothing.

What Stephenson wasn't ready for was the telephone call from LPGA Commissioner Ray Volpe, begging her to play in an upcoming tournament. Several of the top money-winners had withdrawn at the last minute, but the sponsor would be appeased if Stephenson appeared. Erasing visions of palm trees from her mind, Stephenson agreed to play. "There are times," she said wistfully, "when I wish I was a nobody again."

Alas or happily, Stephenson's "nobody" days are over. In her third year, the 24-year-old Australian is the hottest "somebody" on the ever-expanding LPGA tour. She currently stands fourth on the money list, having finished in the top 10 nine times in the 15 tournaments she has entered. She has won twice, come in second once and finished in a tie for third place in the lucrative Colgate-Dinah Shore, picking up $10,500.

All of this has earned Stephenson $47,470, a sum that would be even more impressive if it weren't for Judy Rankin, whose total winnings stand at $99,385. No woman golfer has ever topped $100,000 for a single season, but clearly Rankin will, probably in this week's U.S. Open, a tournament Stephenson would like very much to win.

Stephenson's success hasn't been quite the overnight affair it seems. She joined the tour in 1974, after dominating the professional circuit in Australia. She earned more than $16,000, finished 28th on the money list and was Rookie of the Year but she was better known for her looks (blonde hair, blue eyes, 5′5″, 115 pounds) than her golf game. Last year she upped her earnings to $20,066 and improved her stroke average but never came in better than third.

Stephenson didn't particularly enjoy being subjected to the kind of questions ("She's pretty, but can she win?") that still haunt a non-winner like Laura Baugh, so she decided to do something about it. She won the Sarah Coventry-Naples (Fla.) Classic by a stroke in early February, shooting 73-69-76—218. "My putting was the big difference," she said. "I've been on the practice green eight hours a day. I try to make 100 four-footers in a row—and don't leave until I do."

The last two rounds at Naples were played in gusty winds, a condition most golfers like about as much as a downhill putt. Stephenson, however, was raised on the blustery shores of the Tasman Sea, and she gets a strange gleam in her eye and begins to fire birdies when small-craft warnings are posted. Ever the perfectionist, she was not happy with her closing-round 76 and set out to prove to herself, as well as to others, that the victory was no fluke.

Five tournaments later, at the Birmingham Classic, she opened with a 65 and closed 70-68 for 203, the lowest 54-hole total on the tour this year.

Stephenson's success is a result of exceptional dedication, determination and . . . four-leaf clovers. "I had never even heard of them," says Stephenson, "let alone seen one until my caddie gave me one at Birmingham. Maybe it helped." If it wasn't the four-leafer, it must have been Dana Derouaux' shoes. Derouaux is Stephenson's regular caddie. "You see," she says, "Dana has a pair of brown shoes that we call his 68 shoes. He only brings them out when we really need them."

Superstitions aside, Stephenson is fanatically diligent about her game. "I can't stand mediocrity," she says. "I have very definite goals. Last year it was the top 20 [she missed by $32]. This year it's the top 10. I hope to be the best someday." Last winter Stephenson worked on her swing tirelessly. She often would sneak off to Phoenix, and when she wasn't downtown cheering for the Suns, she was on the practice tee with her teacher, Ed Oldfield. As a result, her game has become almost boring in its consistency—she has missed only one cut in 68

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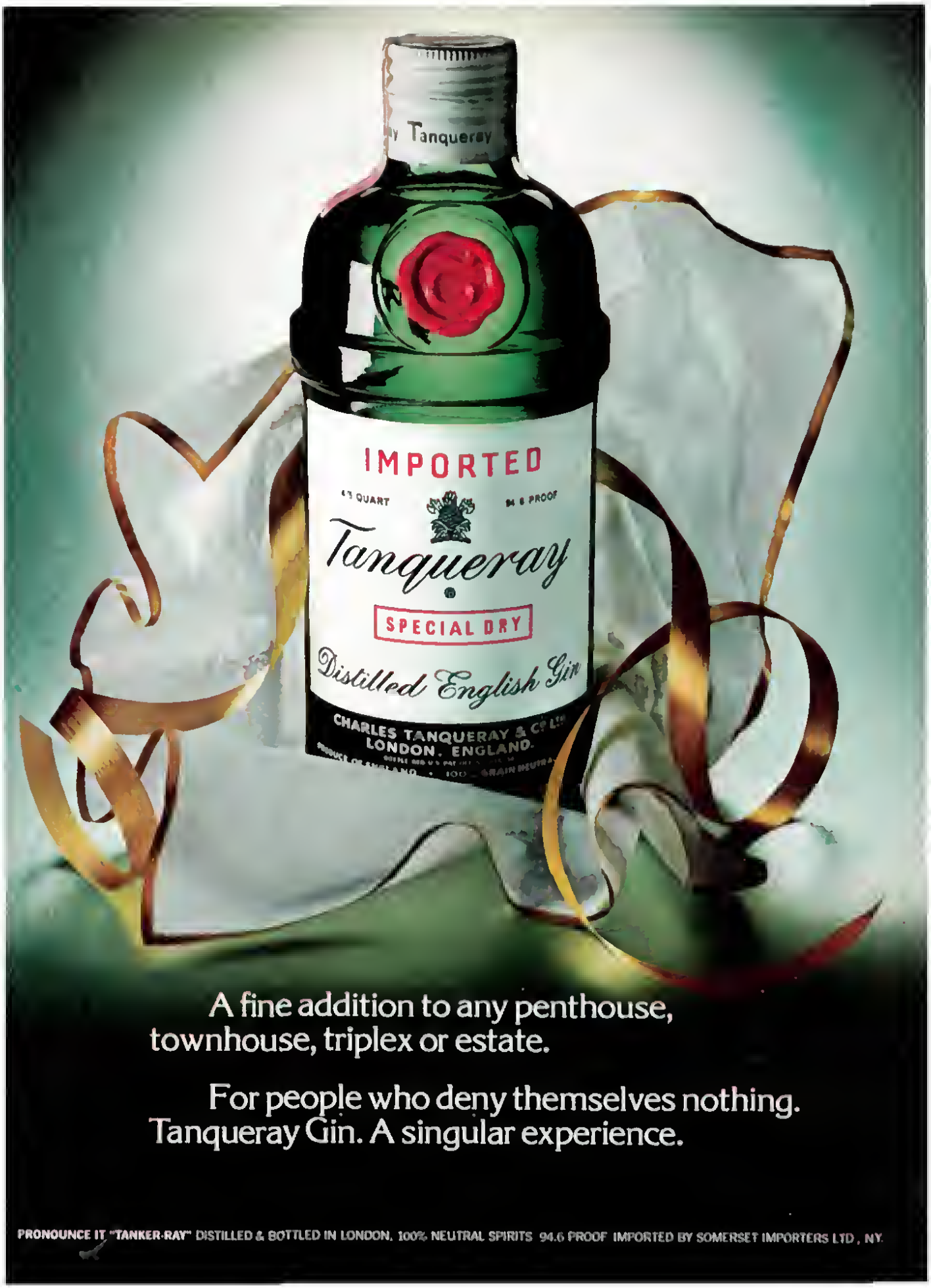

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events since joining the tour—and her stroke average has dropped to 72.71, third best to Rankin's and JoAnne Carner's on the circuit.

Stephenson averages about 220 yards off the tee and rarely misses a fairway. Her irons are strong, her trap play confident, her putting generally accurate. "I don't make many long putts," she says, "but then I don't miss many short ones, either." If she has a weakness, it is chipping. But surely not for long. A few hundred hours on the practice tee ought to take care of that.

Golf did not always have priority. Like most Australian youngsters, Stephenson was weaned on swimming and tennis. Her father would drop her off at the tennis courts and then disappear to the golf course. At age 10 she told him he would either have to play tennis with her or she was going to play golf with him. She had a natural swing, and it wasn't long before she won just about every amateur title available in New South Wales. She turned down a scholarship at the University of Sydney, became a columnist for Sydney's *Daily Mirror* and eventually turned pro at 21. She played in 10 events on the Australian tour, never finishing worse than fifth, and again began looking for real competition. "I'd been wanting to come to America for as long as I can remember," she says. So she did. Palm Springs (Calif.) is home now: she spent just five days Down Under last year.

Stephenson is an intense competitor and she has set such high standards that she often disappoints herself. It is not difficult for her fans to figure out how she's doing. If the drives are true and the putts are dropping, then she's Miss Congeniality—laughing, signing autographs and chatting with the gallery in an Australian accent that floats in and out of her conversation like a confused butterfly. But when the hole is playing hard to get, whole rounds may go by without a smile. Missed putts are greeted with exaggerated grimaces. At the Colgate-Dinah Shore, a three-footer that failed on the final hole cost her about $7,000. "I have nightmares about that one," she shudders.

When she bogeyed the last two holes in the second round of her Birmingham win, she stormed out of the scorer's tent. "I was furious," she says. "I was so mad I stayed on the putting green until dark, practicing in the rain." After a recent round she was in a similar state of mind. "I had five three-putt greens. Can you believe it? I never want to see that putter again." She must have changed her mind because half an hour later she was stroking away with the offending instrument on the rug of her hotel room.

Stephenson is a health nut, exercising religiously. She also sees a lot of her hotel room during a tournament. Dinner is usually a solitary event, with only television for company. "Sure, it gets lonely out here," she says. "It's hard to meet people. But this is my job, and no matter how much I might like someone I meet, once Friday rolls around, I'm all business. Fortunately, I enjoy the pleasure of my own company."

Because of golf Stephenson has had to give up several of her favorite diversions. "The two things I miss the most," she says, "are horses and going to the beach. I would like to go riding on Mondays and Tuesdays, but then I would be too sore to play golf on Wednesday." Skiing is another thing of the past. "I kind of like to be reckless, but now I'm not allowed to be," she says. "Every time I fell, everyone would hold his breath."

But the pluses far outweigh the minuses in Stephenson's mind. Endorsements and exhibitions add significantly to her already healthy income. She enjoys the limelight and was thrilled to be on television during the Colgate-Dinah Shore. Tied for the lead after 36 holes, she got plenty of exposure. And her miniskirts, pigtails and movie-star smile didn't hurt.

This has been the LPGA's best year ever, with record purses and crowds at practically every stop on the tour. The Colgate-Dinah Shore received better television ratings than the Greater Greensboro Open the same week. And Stephenson is a good example of the new breed of LPGA pro—young, talented and dedicated. She still has lots of goals in front of her, such as winning the Open or being the top money-winner. If the four-leaf clover supply holds out and her caddie doesn't mislay his shoes, she should make it. She may even get to take a week off now and then. **END**

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For the first time within memory, there's light at the end of the Olympic tunnel for the U.S. men

The word gymnast has lately brought to mind an Olga Korbut, Ludmilla Turishcheva or Nadia Comaneci. Male gymnasts? For years Americans have been hard put to name any, let alone one from the U.S. Then Conner pulled off a stunning upset by defeating some of the world's best gymnasts to win the American Cup on March 28, his 18th birthday. Conner, at the time a high school senior in Morton Grove, Ill., had earned the right to compete in the event first by tying Beach, a senior at the University of California at Berkeley, for the 1975 U.S. Gymnastics Federation title, then by winning the all-round at a dual meet against Canada.

Conner has blue eyes, blond hair, an engaging smile and the ability, as the gymnasts put it, "to communicate with his audience" with his verve and artistry. Those are the qualities devotees of the sport have been searching for in an American male for a long time. As Glenn Sundby, managing editor and publisher of several gymnastics magazines, says, "What our men have needed has been a gymnast-idol, not an idle gymnast."

But first place at the recent Olympic Trials at Penn State went to Thomas. Conner placed fourth. Far from being a disappointment, however, the performances of Conner and the other six men who qualified for the team gave the U.S. more encouragement than ever. Conner did not fail to display his multiple talents. The reason he did not win was simply, and remarkably, because the U.S. has suddenly produced several other fine gymnasts.

By consistently scoring in the middle to high nines at top-level meets, Conner, Thomas, Young and Beach have proved they are *all* world-class performers. The four scored well against Canada, achieved a resounding victory over a strong Swiss team at Wiesbaden, West Germany and shone at Penn State. As did our women, the U.S. men had to rush to Germany in May after the gymnastics international ruling body voided many teams' qualifying scores "because of unobjective and biased scoring and other irregularities" in earlier meets. In Wiesbaden the men beat 11 other national squads to gain one of the six remaining spots in the 12-team Olympic field. Thomas placed third in the all-round with 110.45 points. Young fourth with 110.15, Conner sixth with 108.95 and Marshall Avener eighth with 108.55, proof that the men had arrived—en masse. All of which raises the question of how so many became so good so fast.

"The shifting of control in gymnastics from the AAU to the USGF, development of age-group programs and the right kind of bodies have helped us make a quantum leap since '72," said the men's Olympic Coach Karl Schwenzfeier. "Having the right-size body is important. If a boy is more than 5'7" and 130 pounds, the problem of body control is increased. The head West German judge, Rolf Timmer, was ecstatic about our team in Wieshaden. He was impressed because all our men are between 5'4½" and 5'7" and between 117 and 130 pounds. 'They all look the same, just like the Japanese. Except' they have round eyes,' he said."

In Munich in 1972 the U.S. men's team had little going for it. Rent asunder by a walkout and a punchout, it folded up like a $2 accordion. One member left the team shortly before the Games, another was hurt and Avener did not help matters when he provoked John Crosby into a fight. A 10th-place finish among the dozen teams ended the worst-ever showing for U.S. men.

Japan and the Soviet Union should finish one-two for the fifth straight Olympics, but Schwenzfeier is hopeful, and justifiably so. He feels that the U.S., which has not won a medal in men's gymnastics since 1932, can beat out East Germany and Hungary for the bronze and that his men might bring home several individual medals.

"We are excellent on the horizontal bar. Any one of our men could take a medal there, especially Beach," Schwenzfeier says. "Young could win a medal on the rings, Thomas on the pommel horse and Conner on the parallel bars. And Pete Kormann is marvelous in floor exercise.

"Our Olympic gymnastics committee has been very cooperative and is letting us take the eight top men to Montreal, where we'll train until the Games begin. That gives us some working room and a chance to settle on a final team of six."

When Schwenzfeier makes his cuts he must be sure that the team is not weak in any event. All six will compete in the six all-round events—floor exercise, pommel horse, rings, vaulting, parallel bars and horizontal bar—with the five highest scores counting toward the team total. Those who score high enough in any event advance to the individual finals.

Thirteen gymnasts qualified at Berkeley in May for the Penn State Trials, and their combined scores for the two tryouts determined their final standing. Thomas, a junior from Indiana State, won the initial event with 113.05 points and was second at Penn State, where he scored a 9.70 on the high bar and a 9.80 on the horse.

continued

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His total of 113.00 put him in first place with a combined score of 226.05.

The leading scorer at Penn State was Young, whose 113.45 points placed him second overall with 225.80. Since graduating from Brigham Young, he has been at Penn State working on his master's degree in biomechanics. Young, a Mormon, is married and has a five-month-old daughter.

In third place was quiet, mustachioed Tom Beach, who, like Young, maintains a low profile and is taking guitar lessons from Conner.

Conner passed up all the big-name gymnastics colleges to enroll at Oklahoma and is in other ways agreeably unpretentious. While in New York for the American Cup he convinced his coach, John Burkel, that what they should do for dinner was to sit on a curb and eat sandwiches. "So we went to a deli, got sandwiches and sat on a curb in midtown and ate them," Burkel says. And when they spotted limousines waiting for theatergoers to emerge from Broadway shows, Conner won a 25¢ bet from Burkel by slipping into the back seat of one while an astonished chauffeur held the door.

Then there is Avener. "After Munich, who would have guessed all the others on our Olympic team would be gone in '76—that the only one back would be Marshall Avener?" says Avener himself, gymnastics' Muhammad Ali. A Penn State alumnus, he is now decorously teaching and coaching at his alma mater. "When I got back from Munich I was not so far gone as to be content with my disposition," he says. "So I went to the psych clinic, and my best friend is now my former therapist." Indeed, Avener even succeeded in controlling his temper and ego.

He also succeeded in peaking when he had to, earning his highest scores ever at the Trials (9.65 on the high bar and 56.80 for the optionals) as he leaped from seventh place to fifth just in time on the last night.

Rounding out the top eight are Gene Whelan, a Penn State senior. Southern Connecticut State junior Pete Kormann; and muscular Mike Carter, an LSU senior. Together they make up a team that does have talent, flair and charisma, and one that may well return with Olympic medals at long last. **END**

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Papa Benitez knows best

The strange thing was, he said, how they no longer believed in him as a fighter. He frowned, this 17-year-old man-child still in his junior year of high school, as though puzzling over a problem in math. "Before, when I was unbeaten and a contender, before I fought for the championship, everyone spoke of me as a good fighter," Wilfredo Benitez said. He spoke haltingly, the seldom-used English not flowing with the liquidity of his native Spanish. "And now, now that I am champion, the people look at me like I was a, a. . . ." Unable to snare the word he needed, he looked to his father for help.

Gregorio, his father and manager, shrugged and stared at the floor.

". . . like a freak," Wilfredo Benitez, the WBA junior welterweight champion, concluded.

His father made an angry sound. Later, after the boy had left, he said, "It is not the champion they question. It is the father. Soon they will see."

In 1966 Gregorio Benitez moved his family to Puerto Rico from New York City, where he had worked in an auto-body shop for 19 years. He didn't like the way his four sons were growing up in the streets. "Too much dope, too much trouble," he said. "I told them we go home where it is not so bad."

At home in St. Just, just outside San Juan, the sons continued to fight, only now mostly in the ring. Gregorio Jr., the oldest at 21, had his first bout at the age of eight, turned pro at 15 and has recently retired. He is a quiet young man, with a quick, soft smile and sad eyes, and they say his father moved him too swiftly and he caught too many punches.

"They can say what they want," said the father, "but I retired Gregorio because he was bowlegged. He'd try to move quickly and he'd fall down. Then he got married and wanted to fight some more. But I say no. I told him marriage makes you too weak. You are retired. Now he helps me as a trainer."

The next in line was Alphonso, a year younger than Gregorio, and, it is said, the cleverest boxer of the brothers. As an amateur he was 14-1; then he decided he wanted to go to college.

"But college costs money," Alphonso said recently. "I discovered I needed $200 to buy books."

He went to his father, who booked him a pro fight in St. Croix.

"I didn't want him to be a fighter," Gregorio says. "He is a smart one. He is going to be an electrical engineer. But he needed the money and, besides, I was curious to see if he had any guts."

Alphonso did. He won his fight.

"He knocked the guy out in the fourth round," Gregorio says. "I gave him the money. I say, 'Here, go buy your books. You have just retired.' The champion's brother has brains. Besides, he don't like to fight."

Frankie, the next in line, likes to fight. Also, he likes girls and hates the gym. His father told him that was one combination he couldn't handle and tossed him out of the house.

Unlike Wilfredo, a stone-faced stalker with shattering power in either fist, Frankie, taller but lighter, fights with abandon. Throwing punches from any angle, and usually with a grin, he won his first 12 fights, eleven of them by knockout. That's when he discovered girls. In the sixth round of his next fight, against Laudiel Negron, his father threw in the towel.

"All that fun caught up with him," Gregorio says. "He is not like the champion. He doesn't want to train, to work hard. He likes to play."

For a time, Frankie reformed. He won

continued

WILFREDO, 17, AND HIS FATHER-MANAGER AFTER A JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHT TITLE BOUT

his next 13 fights, four of them in New York, six of them by knockout. Then he reverted to romantic form. At the time he was the fifth-ranked lightweight contender. Now he is unranked, even at home. Since last October he has lost twice and fought a draw with Josue Marquez, the Puerto Rican lightweight champion.

"He beat Marquez, but they didn't give it to him," his father says bitterly. "Maybe that would have turned him around. Now it is up to him. He told his mother the other day he was ready to start training seriously again. We'll see."

Wilfredo Benitez, the champion, strides into the gym just a few yards behind his home, applause from a small group of fans breaking around him. He wears dark blue track pants striped in orange and a faded gray sweat shirt. His black hair is cut short and parted in the middle, and he has a small moustache kept well trimmed. He hopes it makes him look older. Except for a long, jagged scar on the left cheek, his light-brown face is unmarked. The scar was acquired one dark night when his father caught him stealing guavas from a tree. Trying to escape, Wilfredo ran into a barbed-wire fence.

At the cost of $15,000, the family built the gym behind the house 3½ years ago. Chickens run freely in the small yard between the gym and the single story yellow stone house. Half-grown German shepherds sleep in the carport. Strong winds from the sea disturb a stand of palm trees.

The all-metal gym has the look of a small airplane hangar. Yellowing newspaper clippings, old fight photographs and posters are on the clean white walls. There are two rubbing tables; three heavy bags hang from chains attached to the red steel rafters. The ring, slightly smaller than regulation, is homemade but looks professional. In the back there is a small office crammed with a modest desk, a filing cabinet, a well-used Detecto scale and dozens of trophies and plaques. Always, there is a mingling of the thud of fists and the crowing of roosters.

It is Friday, three days before Memorial Day when the champion will make his first title defense against Emiliano Villa, a southpaw from Colombia. Sitting on a small, stained table the champion wraps his own hands with yards of soiled gauze. Around him five people stand joking. Except for one quick smile, he ignores them.

The youngest of the brothers has been fighting since 1967, when as a 62-pound 7-year-old he held his first opponent to a draw in the Puerto Rican Golden Gloves. As an amateur he won 123 of 129 fights. He became a professional at the age of 15, knocking out one Hiram Santiago in the first round. He won his first 25 fights, all but six of them by knockout. Then last March his father matched him against Antonio (Kid Pambele) Cervantes, the 30-year-old, going-on-36 junior lightweight champion who had won 73 fights against eight losses and three draws.

The Puerto Rican fans were furious. Once again the father's qualifications as

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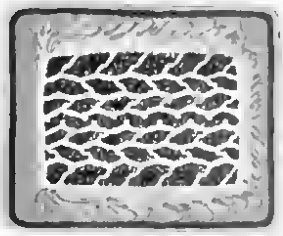

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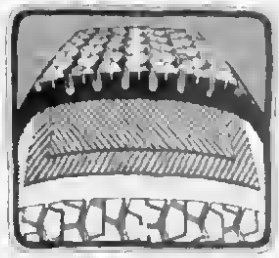

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a manager were questioned. The 46-year-old ex-auto-body-shop owner had never fought himself, had never worked under a professional trainer or manager. He had ruined Gregorio, it was said, and now he was going to do the same to Wilfredo.

"Some people learn by competing," says the unshaken senior Benitez. "I learn by observing. In New York I went to all the big fights and I see how others work, how others fight. I studied every trainer, every big fighter. For five years I worked in the amateurs before my first son became a professional. I have worked over 3,000 fights, amateur and professional."

Kid Pambele was a solid 4-1 favorite. Oh, oh, thought Wilfredo, if I don't whip this guy they are going to run my dad out of Puerto Rico. In public he said, "I've been fighting bigger and older guys since I was eight. So what's new?"

It turned out to be a dull fight. Kid Pambele, figuring he was in with easy prey, spent the night looking for and never finding the big knockout punch. Going the other way, Benitez was content to amass points with a stinging jab. When it was over, Wilfredo Benitez had become the world's youngest champion ever, on a split decision.

Two weeks later the new champion was back in the gym. Now on Friday he was sparring his final 10 rounds against four partners, the last a 180-pound heavyweight named Francisco Alvarez. Every round was war. An observer thought it was strange that none of the sparring partners was left-handed like Wilfredo's next opponent.

"Right or left, Villa is made to order for the champion," said Wilfredo's father. "It will be a tough fight, for Villa has a strong chin. But he comes straight in and he catches almost everything. Besides, the champion can fight as a southpaw if he wants."

Villa said he didn't care how the champion fought. Although a relative unknown, the tough Colombian was ranked No. 4 by the WBA and claimed that both lightweight champion Roberto Duran and his own countryman, Pambele, had refused to fight him.

At the weigh-in both fighters came in at 140 pounds, the division limit. Villa's manager, Tahacito Sanz, asked Bill Brennan, a World Boxing Association official, if the WBA had the power to reverse a hometown decision. He said he didn't like fighting a Puerto Rican in Puerto Rico.

"No," said Brennan. "Only the local commission can do that."

"Don't worry about it," the champion's father told Sanz. "This isn't Panama or Argentina. They don't give us nothing here. If there's a hometown decision, you'll get it." Then Sanz wanted to know if the referee would be a Puerto Rican.

"Who cares?" said Gregorio Benitez. "The only important thing is that they get a guy who can count to 10."

The first in the ring, Villa was wearing white trunks and shoes, trimmed in black. Benitez, a lightly backed 2-1 fa-

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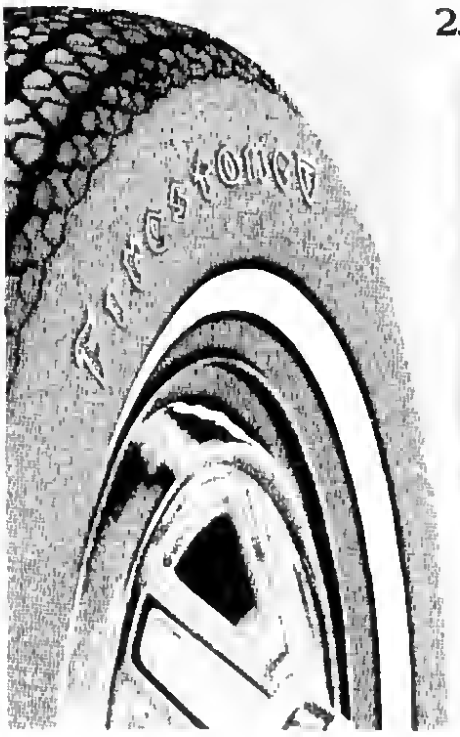

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vorite, was dressed in bright red trunks, high red-and-white socks and high red suede shoes. In the spirit of the moment, the crowd inside San Juan's Roberto Clemente Coliseum greeted him uproariously.

Then the high school student went out to earn his $60,000, and respect for his father, the only trainer he has ever had. The first round was one of caution, with neither fighter showing much. It was Villa's best round.

In the second round Benitez went to his jab, a beautiful and destructive piece of machinery. By the seventh round Villa, trying to escape the jab, began to take heavy punishment, to both the head and the body, from Wilfredo's right hand. No matter what the Colombian tried, Benitez' attack never varied; always it was those stinging accurate jabs, a few stunning right hands, an occasional digging hook. Only great courage kept Villa up.

In the final round, any chance for a decision long lost, Villa dug deeply within himself and went for a knockout. With the fight all but over, Benitez could have retreated safely. No way. For the last two minutes, without pause, the two fighters stood toe to toe, without pretense of defense, each trying to hammer the other into the ground.

The decision was foregone. Judge Rudy Ortega scored it 149–137, giving the champion all but one round in the 10-point must system; Judge Wally Schmidt had it 148–137; the referee, Ismael Falu, scored it 149–141.

"Can anyone doubt that he is a champion now?" Gregorio Benitez asked. "And now we have to plan ahead. Duran? Yes, we want Duran. He has been having too much trouble making the lighter weight, but he will have to pay to fight us. And Kid Pambele wants another fight. It will cost him some money, too. Then I think the champion wants to move up."

At last Wilfredo smiled. "To welterweight. Then junior middleweight. And, I think, finally as the middleweight champion. It would be nice to go on fighting until I am 30. I will be in my prime then."

There are two good reasons he may make it. For one, he is an excellent fighter. And then, the telephone in the Benitez' house is in the father's bedroom. When the girls call, and many do, Gregorio always tells them the champion is out doing road work. And, most of the time, he is. **AND**

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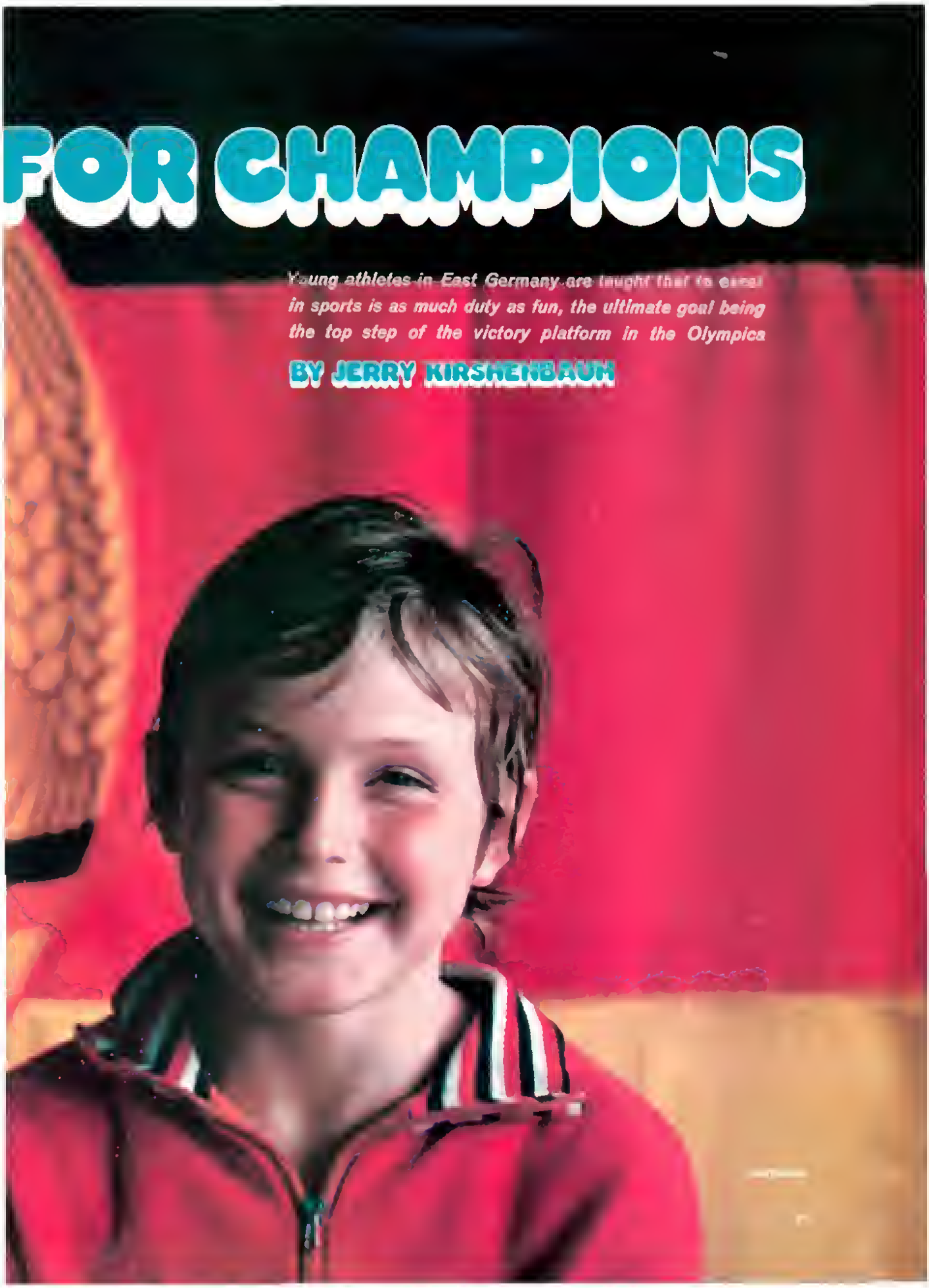
ASSEMBLY LINE

FOR CHAMPIONS

Young athletes in East Germany are taught that to excel in sports is as much duty as fun, the ultimate goal being the top step of the victory platform in the Olympics

BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM



Ninth-graders at Berlin's Lenin School perform an endurance drill that would have pleased Vince Lombardi.

The line at Checkpoint Charlie was moving at a snail's pace, the chief culprit being an ashen-faced East German border guard inspecting passports in what seemed like slow motion. The guard, stationed at the very end of the bureaucratic gantlet that must be run before entering East Berlin, was unsmiling and, it appeared, utterly uninterested.

The line edged forward until the guard had before him two Americans. He began thumbing through their papers with his usual languor until one sheet caught his eye. It was a letter from Panorama DDR, the East German foreign press agency, and it stated the mission of the two Americans.

"Sport?" the guard asked.

The Americans nodded.

Regarding them with a sly expression, the guard launched into a curious litany. "Roland Matthes, Kornelia Ender, Ruth Fuchs. . . ." All were names of athletes expected to lead East Germany to a smashing showing at the Montreal Olympics. The guard went through a couple of more names before concluding, "*Gut, ja*?"

"*Gut*," agreed the Americans.

The guard, beaming now, waved the Americans through.

The German Democratic Republic is a country flexing its muscles in many ways. Behind its sealed-off borders, the Ohio-sized land of 17 million has overcome a continuing labor shortage to become the richest of Eastern Europe's socialist bloc countries. East Germany's prosperity is evident in the vast new apartment buildings with bathroom-tile exteriors that have gone up in its major cities and in the fashionably dressed citizens who crowd its public squares to eat ice cream and sip Pilsner from limp paper cups. It is evident, too, in the little G.D.R.-made Trabants and Soviet Ladas that zip along its avenues, menacing pedestrians just as effectively as the brawnier Mercedes across the border in West Germany.

Speaking of sport, Stecher is all business.

The G.D.R. is also doing itself proud in sport, having long since overtaken Hungary, Australia, even California as a major athletic power. Until recently, however, the East Germans preferred to keep their well-oiled sports machine under wraps, rejecting most requests for visits by Western sportswriters. Thus it was a welcome development when the G.D.R. authorities, suddenly reversing themselves, invited a dozen journalists from Western Europe, Canada and the U.S. for a pre-Olympic sporting safari through the playing fields and field houses of their country.

To join this tour Photographer Walter Iooss Jr. and I set out, after clearing Checkpoint Charlie, for the Hotel Berolina, a large, modestly appointed building overlooking Berlin's broad and bustling Karl-Marx-Allee. There, tour members were greeted by Panorama DDR officials who outlined a six-day itinerary that included not only Berlin but also the cities of Leipzig and Karl-Marx-Stadt as well as smaller towns along the way. It seemed like a lot of ground to cover in

the allotted time, to which objection Peter Herrmann, Panorama's sports editor, rejoined, "Don't worry, we're a small country." That was easy to believe; at the time there were 17 of us, including officials and interpreters, jammed into a second-floor room designed, at most, for one guest.

The foreign journalists were kept busy enough, traveling in a red-and-white bus and interviewing dozens of sports officials, inspecting countless facilities and attending sports events big and little. But there was also time to unwind in smoky *Ratskeller* and night spots like the Moscow, a rather sedate Berlin discotheque where young people danced cheek to cheek and gulped down French Cognac—some of them anyway—at $3 a pop. Often as not, Herrmann was along on these social outings, a bright wavy-haired fellow who mixed plaids and checks with dazzling effect and spoke serviceable English. Herrmann is a Marxist ideologue, but his only lapses into Big Brotherism were to repeatedly advise those tour members guilty of the sin, "You smoke too much—it is not good."

The Americans and Canadians among us (others on the tour were from France, Italy, Finland and The Netherlands) also enjoyed the attentions of an official translator named Max Drescher, a courtly old gent whose unfamiliarity with Western-style journalism often led him to interrupt even the most innocuous inquiries by murmuring, in genuine puzzlement, "Hmmmm, funny question." Max also had the habit of proposing toasts with "cheerio" instead of "cheers" and tended to confuse words like "beverage" and "vegetable," raising the ever-present possibility that he might wind up saying "cheerio" over the carrots and peas.

But Max was eager to be of service, as he demonstrated one hectic day in Leipzig during which we rushed around to various local elimination events in the Spartakiad, a kind of national junior Olympics. First we attended a competition in swimming, then a gymnastics

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER [illegible]

Schoknecht cradles her shot like a baby

meet, and finally a track meet where the shouts of kids mingled with the smell of sizzling *Bockwurst*. Watching the meet, I decided to talk to a "typical" young athlete, prompting Max to exult, "Oh marvelous, an interview!"

A few moments later I returned with a slightly bewildered teen-ager named Rolf-Peter Muller, a volleyball player for Goethe secondary school, which had lost to secondary school No. 7 in the Spartakiad finals earlier that day.

"What was your reaction to the loss?" I began, probingly.

"Hmmm, funny question," said Max. And come to think of it, it *was* a funny question.

Besides the Spartakiad, there were visits to major tune-ups for Montreal. One day the red-and-white bus stopped at an "Olympic qualification" track meet in Karl-Marx-Stadt where shotputter Marianne Adam beat Ilona Schoknecht, getting off a heave of 71′1¼″, to break her own world record by nearly three inches. It was the fifth world record for East German women in track and field in barely two weeks, and no sooner did the shot thud to the ground than a torrential rain followed, forcing a happily sobbing Adam to run ingloriously for cover. There was also a visit to the G.D.R. swimming championships in Berlin, a five-day affair that would end up producing, awesomely, 14 world records. On this particular day three world records were set, including a 1:11.93 clocking in the 100-meter breaststroke by Carola Nitschke, a hitherto unknown

continued

Like kids at Yankee Stadium, young East Germans beg for the athletes' Johann Henkochs

Berliner just two months past her 14th birthday.

The record-breaking spree left no doubt about the G.D.R.'s readiness for the 1976 Games. The East Germans were runners-up to the Russians in the last two Winter Olympics, and their 20 golds at the 1972 Summer Games ranked behind only the Soviet Union's 50 and the U.S.'s 33. Less than a year after Munich, the G.D.R. women swimmers rudely brushed aside the long-dominant Americans to become the world's best. Last year East German athletes won world championships in women's swimming, rowing, canoeing, and team handball and the Europa Cup in men's and women's track and field.

Now they seem poised for even greater triumphs. They go to Montreal with world records in seven of the 15 Olympic events in women's track and 12 of 13 in women's swimming. In sprinter Renate Stecher and freestyler-butterflyer Kornelia Ender, they have candidates for the fastest women on land and in the water. The G.D.R. superheavyweight Gerd Bonk expects to challenge Russia's Vasily Alexeyev and Bulgaria's Khristo Plachkov in weight lifting, while backstroker Roland Matthes (newly engaged to Ender) will be seeking gold medals at his third straight Olympics. With hopes also high in soccer, cycling and canoeing, the G.D.R. could win 30 to 35 gold medals, conceivably enough to pass the U.S., if not the Soviet Union.

"We are a small country," Peter Herrmann repeated at another point during the tour. Then he added, "But we are not so small in sport, eh?"

Our biggest chunk of time—nearly three days—was spent in Leipzig, an ancient trading city of 580,000 inhabitants, whose creaky old chestnut trees and sooty buildings seemed to be holding one another up. One rainy afternoon, Herrmann, Iooss and I took a dip at a people's swimming center in a leafy neighborhood northeast of downtown. It was a 25-meter indoor pool that, as is customary in Europe, required bathing caps on men as well as women. We had to borrow caps from two plump women attendants who, also in the European manner, sat in a check room commanding a fine view of the men's dressing room. After our swim we tipped the women, and one of them, apparently to show her gratitude, playfully brushed aside a curtain for our benefit. Behind the curtain was the women's dressing room.

It was only one of many acts of kindness encountered in the G.D.R. When we left the pool it was still raining, but a group of girls, aged 10 or 11, showed us the way to the nearest tram, a walk of several blocks. The tram took off and the girls ran alongside, waving and smiling at us until they were too out of breath to go any farther. The tram dropped us downtown where, taking refuge from the rain at a circular bar in a new high-rise, Iooss confided to one of the locals that he was from New York. A hush fell over the bar and every face turned in his direction.

"New York," said a young woman, eyes shining. "New York, New York, New York. . . ." She repeated the seemingly magical words over and over.

Some of the cordiality had to do with our being American, and some of it was just, well, cordiality. Also in Leipzig, Iooss and I picked up a couple of handsome posters of Bach, who is buried in the city's 15th-century Gothic Thomas Church. Later, in a bookstore, we asked a salesgirl for something to use for wrapping the posters. She disappeared, soon returning with an armful of cardboard.

To our disappointment, she did not say, "Anything for Americans." What she said was, "Anything for Bach."

The tour featured a seemingly endless succession of gold-toothed apparatchiks in polyester jackets who showed off freshly waxed gyms, gleaming swimming pools and well-tended playing fields, afterward vowing over mineral water and little finger cakes to create more gyms, more swimming pools, more playing fields. And some official or other could usually be counted on to say, "Sport in the G.D.R. is the people's right. It is not a privilege or business as it is in capitalist countries."

Evidence of a government-promoted sports boom was, in fact, everywhere. Physical education at G.D.R. schools is compulsory. So is swimming, the result being that virtually every child is proficient in at least two strokes by the second grade. More than 300,000 East Germans, or nearly 5% of the labor force, work at least part time as coaches or sports officials. Yet the country's sports bosses have all they can do to keep up with the demand. Despite a rapid increase in facilities in recent years, long lines are common at swimming pools—the one we visited in Leipzig had a one-hour time limit—and young boys could be seen everywhere, soccer balls under their arms, waiting forlornly for fields to become free.

Typical was the group of boys standing around one day watching two teams of older men huffing and puffing on the soccer field outside Berlin's secondary school No. 19, a four-story building festooned with large block letters reading OUR STRENGTH FOR PEACE AND PROGRESS. The boys hoped to use the field when the men were finished. I asked one of them, a sandy-haired youngster of 13, whether it was possible to grow up in the G.D.R. without caring for sports.

"Oh, there are kids who don't like sports," he answered.

Did he know any personally from his class or neighborhood? The boy reflected a moment, then replied, "No, not personally."

The emphasis is plainly on those sports with Olympic standing. In Berlin's Friedrichshain Park, a large wooded sanctuary not far from the Hotel Berolina, mothers push baby carriages, and old men in dark clothes sit, hands on knees, kibitzing as players push waist-high chess pieces on a board painted on the pavement. The park also has three clay tennis courts. One of them was occupied late on a pleasant weekday afternoon by two teen-agers wearing soccer gear and playing with more enthusiasm than talent. The other two courts were empty. It is a good bet that if tennis were an Olympic sport, those courts would be as much in demand as soccer fields and swimming pools.

In the East German scheme of things, short shrift is also given to spectators. Kids at the track meet in Karl-Marx-Stadt mobbed Renate Stecher for autographs so insistently that the sprinter was forced to scold a couple of them for rudeness. But then, those youngsters may not get too many chances to attend sports events, much less collect autographs. Few of the G.D.R.'s new facilities contain seats, let alone exploding scoreboards. The idea seems to be to let the cameras handle it. East German TV devotes 20% of its programming to sport, often replaying important events in the morning for the benefit of night-shift workers.

continued

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Watching sports in person can be an oddly dispiriting experience, even at a major attraction like the national swimming championships in Berlin. The 1,000 fans who filled the steeply banked Sportforum greeted introductions of each competitor by shouting in unison the single word: *Ja*! World records were celebrated by little more than polite applause, the only genuine display of emotion coming when Matthes tenderly kissed the 17-year-old Ender on the cheek before the 200-meter freestyle, one of five events in which the statuesque Ender broke world records during the week. It turned out that the "fans" were mostly coaches and trainers, making the G.D.R. swimming championships seem more like a clinic than a true sports event.

Games in the G.D.R. can also be scheduled at odd hours, as when the East German national team played Rumania in a "friendship" volleyball tournament that also included teams from Russia, Cuba, Czechoslovakia and Hungary. The G.D.R.-Rumania contest, held in Berlin's 6,000-seat Werner Seelenbinder Hall, began at five o'clock on a Friday afternoon before no more than 150 witnesses. The home team proceeded to win three games to one, but there was only scattered applause, none whatever from a subdued group of teen-agers high in the bright red seats. "We are junior players," one of them whispered in the sepulchral silence. "We are here to learn."

An equally odd spectacle was meanwhile unfolding on the driveway encircling Werner Seelenbinder Hall. There was speed skater Klaus Wunderlich, the fifth-place finisher in the 5,000 meters at the Innsbruck Olympics, wearing roller skates and breezing around the building, over and over again. His coach, sitting on a garbage receptacle, looked up from his stopwatch to explain in halting English that the driveway measured roughly 400 meters and that the skater would go around 100 times, a workout requiring two hours. "Klaus has many power," the coach declared.

As he circumnavigated the building, blond hair flapping, Klaus Wunderlich could not have hoped for better training conditions. There were few spectators either entering or leaving the volleyball area to disturb his workout.

Everywhere you look in East Germany you see them: tautly muscled young people clad in sweat suits and snazzy Germania footwear, the local equivalent of Adidas or Converse. But you can also behold plenty of double-chinned *Hausfrauen* and their paunchy husbands wolfing down traditional German fare of black bread, potatoes and cream cakes.

The fact is that corpulence is a serious national health problem in the G.D.R. and the incidence of circulatory ailments is abnormally high. A worried government has introduced a large selection of low-calorie diet foods, and it is in much the same spirit that the menu in the dining room of the Stadt Leipzig, one of that

What's in Karl Marx Stadt? Karl Marx.

city's leading hotels, lists ("for your personal well-being") the approximate caloric content of all dishes. Unfortunately, the menu runs toward selections like cutlet Hanoi-style, ice coupe Havana and flambeed pancakes, few of which have less than 600 calories.

Another cause for alarm is the fact that 50% of G.D.R. 18-year-olds smoke at least occasionally. Sharing Peter Herrmann's concern over this problem, a growing number of restaurants have prohibited smoking, including one along the Berlin-Leipzig Autobahn where the red-and-white bus stopped one morning. Inside, Canadian TV Newsman Joe Schlesinger, one of the tour members, failed to notice the NO SMOKING sign and lit up a cigarillo, whereupon the waiter testily refused to serve the Panorama party. Schlesinger promptly extinguished the offending tobacco, but the fellow still refused service, now complaining that there was one person too many at the table.

Health is among the avowed objectives of East Germany's broad-based sports movement, but it is scarcely the only one. Another is mentioned in the East German Constitution, which specifically invokes sport as essential to "development of a socialist personality," thus inextricably tying up athletics with lofty notions of duty and discipline. To symbolize the liberation of sport from the Nazis, gym classes open and close with the instructor calling "Sport!" and his charges snapping back "Free!" (at major events the exchange takes place between the P.A. announcer and the crowd), and it is those athletes belonging to the ruling Socialist Unity Party who are most often held up as clean-living models for young people.

A related purpose is to go on supplying world-beaters who will perform "for the glory of our socialist homeland," as called for by Party Boss Erich Honecker in a recent speech routinely extolling sport. Toward this end, talent scouts comb schools and factories and keep an eye on Spartakiad results, tapping the best young athletes for the big-city sports clubs, where they will be honed, it is hoped, into world-class performers.

One of those doing her small part in all this is Helga Stelzig, the red-haired headmistress at Berlin's Lenin secondary school, who greeted the Panorama delegation in a conference room containing, by Iooss' painstaking count, 50 pins, 43 stamps, 37 paintings and six statues bearing the likeness of Lenin. Then the group watched 60 red-uniformed boys and girls, members of a ninth-grade phys ed class, marching briskly off to calisthenics in the school playground, all but clicking their heels at the instructor's command. "This has nothing to do with military—it's only for discipline," one East German official explained somewhat nervously.

While the drills went on, Headmistress Stelzig spoke of one of her eighth-graders, a tall, gifted long jumper who left not long ago to join Berlin's big Dynamo sports club, and to enroll in a different secondary school. "It is an extremely great honor to have somebody accepted by one of the sports clubs," she said gravely. "We are very proud of that boy, very proud indeed."

continued

Others look upon the sports clubs less reverently. These include some of the good people of Doberschutz, a settlement of small houses and picket fences in the flat farmland northeast of Leipzig whose 1,200 inhabitants are outnumbered by pigs, pungently enough, 3 to 1. The village boasts a fine new gym, but the local sports functionary, a boyish-looking fellow named Gerd Wutting, has a gripe. "We've had several youngsters good enough to go away to big sports clubs in Leipzig but their parents wouldn't allow it," he complains. "They were afraid there was too much emphasis on sport and not enough on studies. I tried to change their minds but. . . ." Wutting shrugs helplessly.

The clubs that evoke such conflicting feelings bear names like Chemie Halle, Einheit Dresden and Motor Jena. There are some 20 major clubs in all, and they have perhaps 12,000 athletes, the pool from which the G.D.R. selects its Olympians. Club members range in age from five or six in the case of figure skaters, swimmers and gymnasts, up to the late 30s. Most live in dormitories on the club grounds, in an atmosphere of total sports immersion. Younger athletes usually attend special schools located on the premises, with classes arranged around their training schedules; older ones work at nearby jobs, receiving whatever time off they need—at full pay—for practice and competition. Food is plentiful and sports doctors and coaches hover about.

The perks of being a state-supported athlete improve with performance, and G.D.R. officials speak of some of them with surprising candor. For example, the government demonstrated its pleasure with the country's showing at Munich by sending gold medalists and other leading athletes on a three-month, all-expenses-paid cruise to Cuba aboard the *Volkerfreundschaft*, the G.D.R.'s only luxury liner. And Olympic champions and world-record breakers are routinely awarded the Distinguished Service to the Fatherland medal, entitling recipients to generous extra pensions when they reach retirement age.

But sport at this level also has its burdens, and officials are less open about these. Some defectors to the West have complained about grueling, even unsafe, training regimens, a lament underscored by reports trickling out of East Germany that five or more crack younger rowers, members of a sports club in Leipzig, drowned this past spring when their shell capsized on the frigid, windblown waters of Muggel Lake near Berlin. East German officials dismiss that as a fabrication by the West German press, but rumors of such an accident persist within the G.D.R. itself.

The only time the Panorama group faced any restrictions was during a visit to Berlin Dynamo, the country's biggest sports club. Dynamo is a resort-like spread, with eight soccer fields, a speed-skating rink, great, arching training halls and its own well-scrubbed little hotel. Leading a tour of the place, a hurly Dynamo official suddenly announced that "visitors from non-Socialist countries" were not allowed to take photographs. When we stopped at one of Dynamo's two hockey rinks, the players who had been on the ice abruptly skated to the bench. When we left, the click of wood against puck was heard, signaling that practice had resumed. The reason for the secrecy was anybody's guess; we saw nobody at Dynamo being flogged and smiles on the faces of a couple of athletes were duly noted.

Two dissimilar views of the high-powered sports clubs—and G.D.R. sport generally—were provided in Karl-Marx-Stadt, scene of the pre-Olympic track meet. Located in the foothills of the Erzgebirge range, Karl-Marx-Stadt, known in other times as Chemnitz, is a gray, industrial city whose pride and joy is the new Hotel Kongress, a futuristic 28-story building with attractive furnishings, small but comfortable guest rooms and a penthouse nightclub. The hotel also overlooks the city's latter-day landmark, a 23-foot-high bronze bust of a scowling Marx, at the base of which party faithful lay wreaths and children play tag.

In a private dining room at the Kongress one evening, Panorama trotted out javelin thrower Ruth Fuchs, the world-record holder, who at Montreal will be aiming for her second straight gold medal. The 29-year-old Fuchs teaches medical technicians at a vocational school in Jena and is studying on the side to become a sports teacher. She is blonde and big-boned and has no complaints about life as a favored member of Motor Jena Sport Club.

"In the G.D.R. the state takes care of its sportsmen," Fuchs said forcefully. "I receive the best possible coaching from trainers who are my friends. Each day I receive a free massage. If I'm injured, the doctor bills are paid. I can take as long as I wish to finish my studies. I receive 5,000 calories a day, a tremendous amount I could not afford myself. Because of the medal I was awarded, I will be expensive to the state when I am an old lady." She was smiling radiantly now. "But if you think that I am paid 1,000 marks or so every time I set a world record, you are wrong. What is better, making money or having the honor of your whole country?"

The other view was provided by chance when Iooss and I went for lunch at a crowded restaurant practically in the shadow of the Kongress and were seated at a table with other diners. One of them was a slender woman in her early 20s who, it developed, spoke perfect English and whose ex-boyfriend was one of East Germany's leading athletes until his recent retirement. "At his sports club he had to be in bed at 10 o'clock, as if he were a child," she freely told us. "If we wanted to be alone together, it had to be in the morning. When he was left off the team for Munich, he went on vacation to the Baltic and refused to watch the Olympics on TV. You see, sports here is very important. There is great prestige in it. And, of course, the top athletes receive money and free cars."

She lowered her voice and went on, "In fact, sport is *too* important here. There is a very popular expression in the G.D.R. that sums it up: *Sport ist Mord*—sport is murder."

Among other things whispered about East German athletes is that they are beefed up, especially the women, by anaholic steroids. This was a matter that the touring journalists were poised to bring up at, in particular, the German College of Physical Culture in Leipzig, a 25-year-old institution whose brooding buildings and poplar-lined playing fields stretch along the banks of the Weisse Elster River. Boasting a student body of 1,200, its own sport club and a 75,000-volume sports library, the college is the center of the G.D.R.'s sports research and turns out the country's top coaches and athletic administrators.

The Leipzig institution has also educated the G.D.R.'s 300 sports doctors in its own renowned medical school. The medical faculty is headed by Dr. Kurt

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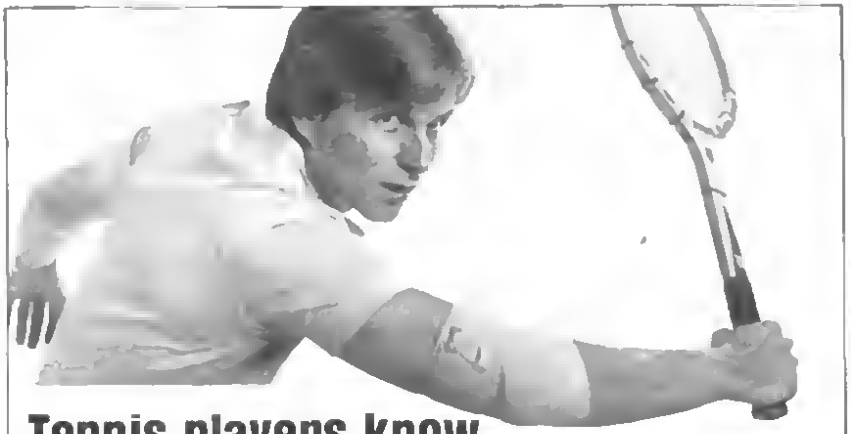

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Tittel, an imperial figure in a white frock coat who told his visitors, "In former times sports medicine was more a hobby than a profession, but today sports medicine takes its rightful place alongside the other specialties." As for steroids, Tittel did not tattle. He rushed off without entertaining questions, leaving such matters for school administrators to handle.

"We have never experimented with steroids," Edgar Weidner, the college's assistant rector soon was saying. "They are not healthy for athletes . . ."

"If you haven't experimented, how do you know they're unhealthy?"

Weidner smiled and said, "I read it in an English weight-lifting paper."

"Hmmm, funny question," said Max.

The suspicions about steroids have been fueled by the fact that East Germany's women athletes have generally fared better than its men. The G.D.R. answers, plausibly enough, that there is simply more room for improvement in women's sport. "Our advantage over capitalist countries is that we regard women as equal and train them just as hard as men," Rudolf Schramme, the national swim coach, told the Panorama group. But Schramme also allowed that G.D.R. coaches rely heavily on sports doctors, although he did not spell out the nature of this assistance. the G.D.R. is known to do far more monitoring of oxygen consumption, metabolism and other bodily functions of athletes than is the practice in the West.

The East Germans have, in fact, been innovative generally. The G.D.R. has no mountain higher than 4,000 feet, but its now successful ski-jumping program received a boost in the early '50s when a coach discovered that a certain plastic material, when sprayed with water, would assume the properties of slick snow. The then emergent G.D.R. women swimmers shocked the world in 1972 with their membrane-thin "skin suits." At Innsbruck this year, the G.D.R. won big with a new luge that involved steering with the legs instead of the hands, and it also introduced a sleek new bobsled.

Clever, these East Germans. During a Spartakiad swim meet in Leipzig, a husky balding coach named Horst Lange mysteriously led me off to a locker room adjacent to the pool area. There he opened a locker and removed—no, not steroids—but a wooden cutout puppet of a swimmer, hinged at all the joints. "It's

my own design," he said with unconcealed pride. "I use it to show children flaws in their technique."

The six-day sporting safari yielded many impressions, some of them conflicting. The status of women in G.D.R. sport and in East German society generally—is undoubtedly favorable, yet any suggestion that male chauvinism has been forever eliminated was splendidly dispelled by Gerhard Hesse, the mayor of Skeuditz, a factory town of 16,000 on the outskirts of Leipzig. Passing a pinup of a nude woman in a locker room of the local *Schwimmhalle*, the *Bürgermeister* said with a leering wink, "She is not from here—she is much too good for our town." As for the elimination of sexual roles, there was the case of the Spartakiad gymnastics meet in a musty old schoolhouse in Leipzig that featured 60 beribboned, pig-tailed girls and exactly six boys. "Boys only want to play soccer," grieved the sweat-suited meet director. "What can we do?"

On the bus one day I asked Peter Herrmann about the *Sport ist Mord* expression. Immediately, he replied, "Oh, you're thinking of *Akkord ist Mord*, an expression from capitalist days. *Akkord* means . . ." He riffled through a pocket English-German dictionary. ". . . ah yes, it means 'piecework.' Piecework is murder." Herrmann was pensive a moment, before adding softly, "*Sport ist Mord?* I've never heard anybody say this before."

One bright afternoon in Berlin I went for a walk with an English-speaking West German of my acquaintance who had come over to the G.D.R. capital for the day. On a street corner we asked directions of a wiry little man who, realizing I was an American, extended his hand and exclaimed, "How do you do, Coney Island?"

It turned out to be the only English the man knew. More soberly, he motioned in the direction of the Wall and said in German, "Soon you will be going back to the other world, where I cannot go. I wish I could come along." Nobody could think of anything more to say. The man stuck out his hand and said in parting, "How do you do, Coney Island?"

The trip to the other world was, once again, through Checkpoint Charlie. The ashen-faced guard was nowhere to be seen, which seemed a pity. The G.D.R. swimming championships were continuing, and in a preliminary heat earlier that day, blond, hawk-nosed Roger Pyttel had broken Mark Spitz' world record in the 200-meter butterfly, a record he would further lower in the evening finals to 1:59.63. The guard had neglected to include the 19-year-old Pyttel in his breathless list of names, and one could imagine him now making amends by saying, "Roger Pyttel, *gut, ja*?"

It would have been necessary to agree with him once more.

Gut. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 28-July 3

BOATING—Course records were broken at the Henley Royal Regatta on the Thames near London. The TRINITY COLLEGE (Hartford, Conn.) heavyweight eight lowered the Ladies Challenge Plate mark by six seconds, being timed in 6:24 over the one-mile, 550-yard course, and *Christiano Rokiub* of Norway bettered the course record for the Thames Challenge Cup by eight seconds, winning its heat in 6:25. A record of another sort was broken when, on account of the 96° heat, gentlemen in the stewards' enclosure were permitted to remove their coats—but not their ties—for the first time in the 137-year history of the event.

FRANK H. TOLHURST of Australia, sailing *Arunga*, won the world championship for 5.5-meter yachts with 11.0 points, the lowest total ever; second was the American entry, *Sundance*, skippered by Ted Turner, with 33.1 points. King Olav of Norway celebrated his 73rd birthday by skippering *Bingo II* to a third place (34.1 points).

PRO FOOTBALL—The NLRB found the NFL guilty of 15 unfair labor practices out of 32 charges in connection with the 1974 contract negotiations and player strike. NLRB Judge Charles W. Schneider ruled that then-union president Bill Curry (Oilers) and vice presidents Kermit Alexander (Eagles) and Tom Keating (Steelers) were cut, waived or traded because of their union activity and ordered them reinstated with back pay. Schneider also found that NFL rules dealing with changes in the nature of the game that might affect player safety should be a subject of collective bargaining.

GOLF—JUDY RANKIN won the rain-delayed $100,000 Babe Zaharias Invitational in Chagrin Falls, Ohio with a one-under-par 287, one stroke ahead of Jane Blalock.

HOCKEY—The WHA Cleveland Crusaders were purchased by Bill Putnam, president of Florida Pro Sports, Inc. and will be moved to Hollywood, Fla. Glen Sonmor has been appointed as general manager and Coach John Wilson was rehired. Meanwhile, the NHL authorized Melvin Swig, majority owner of the Oakland Seals, to make arrangements for transferring his team to Cleveland.

HORSE RACING—DRAGSET ($47.50), Sam Maple up, came from last place to win the 1½-mile $100,000 Cornhusker Handicap at Ak-Sar-Ben in Omaha by a length in 1:49.

OLYMPICS—Men's Basketball: Coach Dean Smith (University of North Carolina) made final cuts to determine the U.S. team. The 12-man squad consists of PHIL HUBBARD (Michigan), SCOTT MAY and QUINN BUCKNER (Indiana), KENNY CARR (North Carolina State), PHIL FORD, TOMMY LaGARDE, MITCH KUPCHAK and WALTER DAVIS (North Carolina), ERNIE GRUNFELD (Tennessee), STEVE SHEPPARD (Maryland), TATE ARMSTRONG (Duke) and ADRIAN DANTLEY (Notre Dame).

Women's basketball: The U.S. team defeated Bulgaria 76–75 for its fifth win without a loss at the pre-Olympic tournament in Hamilton, Ontario. Both teams were assured berths at Montreal.

SOCCER—NASL: Southern Division leader Dallas held onto first place in spite of two losses, to San Jose 4–0 and Seattle 2–1. In the Eastern Division, Washington also stayed on top with a 3–2 win over New York, a 4–1 drubbing of Philadelphia and a 1–0 defeat of Toronto. But by week's end the Diplomats were no longer alone in first; they had to make room for the Cosmos, who managed to inch their way into a share of the division lead with a 2–0 downing of Rochester and a 3–1 win over St. Louis. New York had a week of changes, first losing Goaltender Bob Rigby with a broken collarbone, then accepting the resignation of Coach Ken Furphy. Rigby was replaced by former Cosmo Shep Messing, who was bought back from Boston, and Gordon Bradley, elevated this year to vice-president, reassumed coaching duties. Then in the St. Louis game Pelé pulled a groin muscle, which gave his replacement, Ramon Mifflin, a chance to be a hero. He performed nobly, scoring two goals in the last 10 minutes, leading the Cosmos to a come-from-behind win at Yankee Stadium.

ASL: John Roeslein's sixth and seventh goals of the season gave New Jersey a 3–0 victory over Connecticut. Los Angeles continued to lead in the West with a 1–0 defeat of Oakland on Jim Hineh's 10-yard head shot 13 minutes into the first half. It was Hinch's sixth goal of the season and put him in a tie for the scoring lead with Connecticut's Vic Calabrese. Utah, second to L.A., was idle on the field but frenetic in the front office. President Tim Themy was fined $2,000 and suspended for four years by Commissioner Bob Cousy for slugging League President Nick Sclavounos. Themy then fired Utah Coach Nick Kambolis for testifying against him.

TENNIS—BJORN BORG, 20, became the youngest man in 45 years to win the men's singles title at Wimbledon when he defeated Ilie Nastase 6–4, 6–2, 9–7 *(page 12)*. CHRIS EVERT defeated Evonne Goolagong 6–3, 4–6, 8–6 to win the women's title for the second time in three years. BRIAN GOTTFRIED and RAUL RAMIREZ won the men's doubles championship by beating Ross Case and Geoff Masters 3–6, 6–3, 8–6, 2–6, 7–5. CHRIS EVERT teamed with MARTINA NAVRATILOVA to take the women's doubles from Billie Jean King and Betty Stove 6–1, 3–6, 7–5 and TONY ROCHE and FRANCOISE DURR triumphed in the mixed doubles by downing Dick Stockton and Rosemary Casals 6–3, 2–6, 7–5.

TRACK & FIELD—TATYANA KAZANKINA of the Soviet Union became the first woman to break the four-minute barrier in the 1,500-meter run when she completed the metric mile in 3:56 at a pre-Olympic meet in Podolsk. Her time was 5.4 seconds under the world record set by countrywoman Lyudmila Bragina at the 1972 Olympic games.

JOHN WALKER of New Zealand lowered Michel Jazy's 10-year-old world record for the 2,000-meter run by 4.8 seconds, covering the distance in 4:51.4, in Oslo.

Bulgaria's IVANKA KHRISTOVA set a women's world record when she put the shot 71'9" at a meet in Sofia. Marianne Adam of East Germany had held the previous record of 71'1¼".

MILEPOSTS—ACQUITTED: DAN MALONEY, Detroit Red Wings forward, of criminally assaulting Maple Leaf Brian Glennie during an NHL game in Toronto. After pronouncing Maloney not guilty, jury foreman Raymond Bower read a statement from the panel stating "while our verdict was based on the evidence and the law, we are unanimous in the feeling that these actions [in hockey] are not condoned by us. We hope these actions do not continue in the future."

NAMED—DOUG MOE, 37, as coach of the NBA San Antonio Spurs. Moe has been an assistant coach (Denver Nuggets and Carolina Cougars) for the past four years following an injury-curtailed playing career with ABA teams in New Orleans, Oakland, Carolina and Virginia.

RESCUED: KARL THOMAS, after a severe thunderstorm forced him to abandon his attempt to become the first person to cross the Atlantic in a balloon. The crew of a Russian freighter discovered his life raft and pulled Thomas from the ocean about 300 miles north of Bermuda.

SIGNED—Free agent ED MARINARO, former Viking running back, by the New York Jets to a one-year contract.

WITHDRAWN—From Davis Cup competition, the U.S., Britain and France, in protest against failure to impose sanctions on countries that withdraw for political reasons. The U.S. also withdrew from the Davis Cup organization.

CREDITS

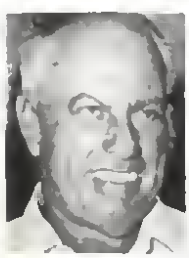
4—Anthony Donna; 10—drawing by Arnold Roth; 24—John Iacono, Neil Leifer; 34—Neil Leifer; 39—Craig Porter-Detroit Free Press; 42—Ken Ragon-Camera 5; 51—Herb Scharfman.

FACES IN THE CROWD

LAURI ADAMS, a senior at Helena (Mont.) High, set a state mile record of 5:06.2, knocking 6.7 seconds off the old mark. The state AA mile champion for the last three years, Lauri also was cross-country champion for two years and the 880 champion last year.

TERRY FRANCONA, a junior at New Brighton (Pa.) High and son of former major-leaguer Tito Francona, paced the Lions to a 14-0 section championship by batting .769 and compiling a .333 ERA as he pitched three shutouts, one no-hitter and two one-hitters.

MACLEAR JACOBY, 49, coached the Landon School of Bethesda, Md. tennis team to its third straight USTA National Interscholastic title for a total of eight in the last 16 years. In that span Landon has won 216 of 258 matches and 15 league titles.



FRAN McCARTHY, a 65-year-old semiretired businessman, won his 15th Buffalo District Golf Association title when he took the senior (over 50) championship for the sixth time, winning by four strokes with an even-par 71 on the East Aurora Country Club course.

SCOTT POEHLING, 18, of Fremont (Neb.) Bergan High, was the first to win the 440, 880 and mile in the state track and field championships. His times were, respectively: 49.4, 1:52.2 (a state record) and 4:20.7. Scott is also a Class C all-state end in football.

GINNY RICH, a 24-year-old senior at Buffalo's Rosary Hill College, won the U.S. intercollegiate championship harness race at Roosevelt Raceway for the second straight year. Driving Fritzie Patch, a pacer, her time for the one-mile event was 2:08.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

CHECKING CHARLIE

Sir

They used to say "you can't tell the players without a scorecard." Now you need a sales receipt and a canceled check. Baseball's latest deal (*Bowie Stops Charlie's Checks*, June 28) has proved once again that Charles O. Finley should be sent to the showers. Aristotle Onassis once said that you aren't rich and famous enough until you start messing around with people's playthings (in his case a casino). Well, Charlie O might be rich and famous but he ain't too bright. Bowie Kuhn made a monumental decision he should be commended for.

ELLIOT LEVINE

Clifton, N.J.

Sir

If it is fair to judge a man by the enemies he makes, then Bowie Kuhn is a genius. Just imagine, baseball's three leading rinky dinks – Charles Finley, George Steinbrenner and Billy Martin—are all mad at him. What higher praise could the commissioner receive?

RAY THOMPSON

South Bound Brook, N.J.

Sir,

Ron Fimrite's article was excellent on current events but weak on history, both modern and ancient. Oakland did not win "four straight American League pennants." It lost the playoffs in both 1971 and 1975.

Moreover, the statement that "it took Connie Mack several years each time to reduce his 1909-14 and 1927-32 teams to cellar rubble" is clearly erroneous. The Philadelphia A's tumbled from first in 1914 to last place in 1915, losing 109 games; they remained "cellar rubble" for the next six seasons.

BRUCE J. HAVIGHURST

Cleveland

• The A's did tumble from first place in 1914 to eighth in 1915 but not because Mack sold off players. He got rid of only one star, Eddie Collins. Two others, Pitchers Eddie Plank and Chief Bender, jumped to the Federal League, and a third, Home Run Baker, held out all season.—ED.

Sir:

Today when I watch a baseball game I recognize the players by their attorneys. Now let's get to Mr. Wonderful Commissioner Kuhn. I believe, Mr. Commissioner, that you are starting late if you plan to save baseball from total embarrassment. You should have started last year after beer night at the Cleveland Stadium or when this year's troubles started with the reserve clause and the Andy Messersmith case. A lot of bad things have happened while you have been in office.

PAUL BELLOFATTO

Braintree, Mass.

SQUAD'S RIGHT

Sir:

Well, just as I expected, diatribes about the Olympic basketball selections have appeared in 19TH HOLE (June 28). It makes me wonder whether the letter writers, particularly Mr. McKone, actually read the article in question, or merely enough of it to support their own views.

If I remember correctly, Dean Smith was only one of 10 coaches who voted on the team, and three of the players he wanted did not make the squad. As for the question of whether seven of the 15 best amateurs in the country are from the ACC, the answer is no. At least five of the best chose not to attend the Trials. This team is merely the best 15 out of the 50 who cared enough to show up.

It is unfortunate that Mr. McKone feels that he must now cheer for Canada, Mexico or Yugoslavia, because that will cause him to lose the pleasure of seeing the gold medal come back to the U.S.

DAVID A. THOMPSON

Raleigh, N.C.

DER FUHRER

Sir,

Frank Fuhrer (*Not Nearly as Sweet as He Looks*, June 28) may be compared to Charlie Finley—with one exception. Fuhrer explodes when "the integrity of our schedule is at stake," and wonders how people can "take Team Tennis seriously if we rearrange our schedule." Finley, on the other hand, would be less criticized if he demonstrated the same concern for the fans.

When will managers (and athletes) realize that, without fans, there are no games or matches . . . and no money?

P. SPEAKIN

Torrington, Conn.

GREAT PATE

Sir:

How dare Dan Jenkins (*You Were Great, Jerry Pate*, June 28) not include the Knickered Knight among the youngsters who have won the U.S. Open? Nicklaus and Jones, for sure, but Gene Sarazen outdid them both by winning when he was only 20. And he proved he belonged with them by winning the Open again 10 years later.

As for Jerry Pate—his first Open victory is not the last we wish to hear of him.

BILL WEBER

New York City

JGE'S SWAN SONG

Sir

I am flabbergasted by Robert H. Boyle's gentle treatment of the grossly out-of-shape Smokin' Joe Frazier in his swan-song fight with George Foreman (*Smokin' Joe Burns Out*, June 28). Boyle conjectures that had "fans known Frazier was going to trip the light fantastic there undoubtedly would have been a sell-out [crowd of] 17,000 instead of the 10,341 who did attend." A far better bet would have been that if fans had known Frazier would be coming into the fight at 224½ pounds nobody would have showed up.

PETER MUSSER

Tenafly, N.J.

NIGHTMARE

Sir:

E. L. Doctorow's *After the Nightmare*, (June 28) is a perfect example of what heights sports journalism can reach. His article is a mixture of many things. While it is ostensibly a sports story, it is also a deeply moving human story, a political story, even a comment on the world today. Thanks for remembering that there is more to sports than who wins the Super Bowl or the World Series.

MITCHELL S. KANDER

Los Angeles

ROUTE 40

Sir:

I greatly enjoyed Bill Gilbert's article *A Turn Along the Old Pike* (June 21 *et seq.*). I attend Washington and Jefferson College, which abuts Route 40 in Washington, Pa. W&J is rich in history, especially where sports are concerned. Football coaches and players include Bob Folwell, Sol Metzger, Earle (Greasy) Neale, John Heisman, Andy Kerr, Bill Amos and Deacon Dan Towler. In 1922 W&J's undefeated team went to the Rose Bowl, the smallest school ever to play there, and tied the University of California's "wonder team" 0–0. In that game, W&J set records that still stand: most punts (16) and fewest first downs allowed (2).

W&J's All-time All-America is Tackle Wilbur (Fats) Henry. A charter member of both

continued

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCING YOUR CURRENT TENNIS RACKET.

BY ARTHUR ASHE

When you play tennis you and your racket are really partners. And though for sentimental reasons it's not always easy to do, there are a lot of sound reasons why maybe you and your tennis racket should separate.

Let's say you're a beginner. That racket you dug out of the basement or that cheap toy you bought on impulse may have served you well. It helped you find out if you were really interested in the game of tennis.

But once that's been established, what that racket could be doing to your game is nothing short of mental cruelty.

So I'd start you out with a Head Standard. It has a softer flex and a larger hitting surface than our competition models. So it combines adequate power with the control a beginner needs.

The Standard can help you learn right and enjoy the game more. And it's pre-strung, so it's not a big investment if you're just starting.

Or maybe you're a player who is already well on your way. And made the mistake of buying a racket that is too domineering. It's not that it's too "good" for you, but rather that it's too "much" for you to handle.

If that's the case, I'd recommend putting that racket aside for awhile and trying a Head Master. The Master has a stiffer flex than the Standard for the added power some intermediate and more advanced players are ready for.

But it has many of the same construction benefits for control. So you're controlling your racket, rather than having it control you.

A. HEAD STANDARD B. HEAD MASTER* C. HEAD PROFESSIONAL* D. HEAD ARTHUR ASHE COMPETITION* E. HEAD ARTHUR ASHE COMPETITION 2* *SOLD UNSTRUNG

But, usually, the opposite is more often true. Your current racket is holding you back. And your game might really improve if you use a racket with a little more "zip."

Advanced players like the Head Pro, or as many of them call it, the "Red Head." It has an elliptical head shape which elongates its "sweet spot." And because the Pro is rigid, it's exceptionally powerful when you hit that sweet spot.

Another good move "up" is to the Ashe Comp 1 or 2. They aren't metal, they're what we call "composites." Head and I planned and built them together to give some of the playing qualities of wood, with the durability and quickness of metal.

They both have teardrop shaped heads and are quite firm. That, plus a lot of other features, makes them very powerful. But their broad open throats give you less wobble and more control on off center hits than traditionally designed rackets.

The Ashe Comp 2 needs a player with high ability to realize its potential. The Ashe Comp 1 is more forgiving, but the person who uses it should be at least at the intermediate level.

I think it's very important that you mentally feel comfortable with the equipment you're playing with. So I would never suggest changing rackets just for the sake of change.

But if the time is right for you and your racket to go your separate ways, go to a reputable tennis shop or pro. And I know you'll find a Head racket that will give you and your game many years of happiness.

AMF Head

"What to serve to Athlete's Foot."

by Margaret Court

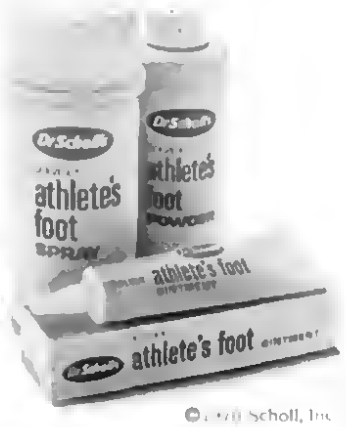
"It begins with a good grip. On a container of Dr. Scholl's Solvex® Athlete's Foot Spray, Ointment or Powder."

If you see it starting up, just apply Dr. Scholl's Solvex Ointment or Athlete's Foot Spray. Solvex kills fungi on contact. Helps control the itching, peeling and other irritations of athlete's foot.

Of course, a good defense against athlete's foot is applications of Dr. Scholl's Solvex Athlete's Foot Powder. It absorbs the moisture where fungus grows and helps prevent reinfection.

"I always keep Dr. Scholl's Solvex handy now. Let's face it, as a tennis player, I depend on my feet. And who knows more about feet than Dr. Scholl's? It's your advantage."

Dr. Scholl's



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19TH HOLE *continued*

college and pro football halls of fame. Henry was among the greatest players at his position.

JARED ANTON

Hollywood, Fla.

WIN-LOSS STREAK

Sir:

On Sunday, June 20, the Chicago White Sox lost their 10th consecutive game. Earlier this season they won 10 in a row. Is this some kind of record, say, for most consecutive wins and losses by a team in a season? Or does another team have this dubious distinction?

J. VAN HOOI

San Jose, Calif.

• No such record is kept officially. However, a cursory check of the books turned up the 1953 New York Yankees, who won 18 straight, then lost nine in a row.—ED

DANCER'S DOUBLES

Sir:

Just as a footnote to Doug Looney's excellent story on Stanley Dancer (*Dancer's Two-Stop Two-Step*, June 14), Dancer's double at two tracks was rare, but it was not his first.

On June 25, 1969 Dancer drove two horses to victory at two different tracks in two different countries, both for one owner, Ernest B. Morris, president of Saratoga Harness Racing, Inc., Saratoga Springs, N.Y. In an early nonbetting $12,940 Grand Circuit event at Saratoga, Dancer won by 1¼ lengths with Nancy Lynne. He then flew to Montreal and Blue Bonnets Raceway, where he won a $12,250 open trot with Eric Bin 2:02.3.

TOM JOHNSON

Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

YOUNG BLACK BELT

Sir:

I must respond to Kent Hannon's article *Chop Off the Old Block* (June 7). While I applaud 8-year-old Freddie Simons for his interest in karate, I feel that his seniors have made the worst possible mistake in awarding a youth the grade of black belt. This demeans all of the martial arts and is a slap in the face of every adult holder of the black belt. It is not the young student who is at fault here, but he should wear a brown belt until he is an adult and then be awarded his grade of black belt. Here is hoping that this practice will not persist.

RICHARD PICKERING

Decatur, Ga.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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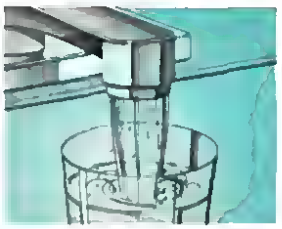

The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency recently reported that granular activated carbon (charcoal) is the best available method for filtering water.

As a matter of fact, many cities across the United States have instituted charcoal filtration systems for their drinking water supplies.

The evidence is mounting that activated charcoal does indeed improve the taste of drinking water.

Charcoal: History's No. 1 filter

Charcoal was used by the ancient Egyptians as early as 1550 B.C.

Charcoal has been used ever since then in many manufacturing processes, including the refining of sugar!

Charcoal made the gas mask possible in World War I.

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Charcoal helps freshen air in submarines and spacecraft.

Charcoal is used to mellow the taste of the finest bourbons

Charcoal also plays a key role in auto pollution control devices.

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While plain white filters reduce tar and nicotine, they also remove taste.

But Tareyton scientists created a unique, two-part filter—a white tip on the outside, activated charcoal on the inside. Tar and nicotine are reduced. . .but the taste is actually improved by charcoal. Charcoal in Tareyton smooths and balances and improves the tobacco taste.

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